

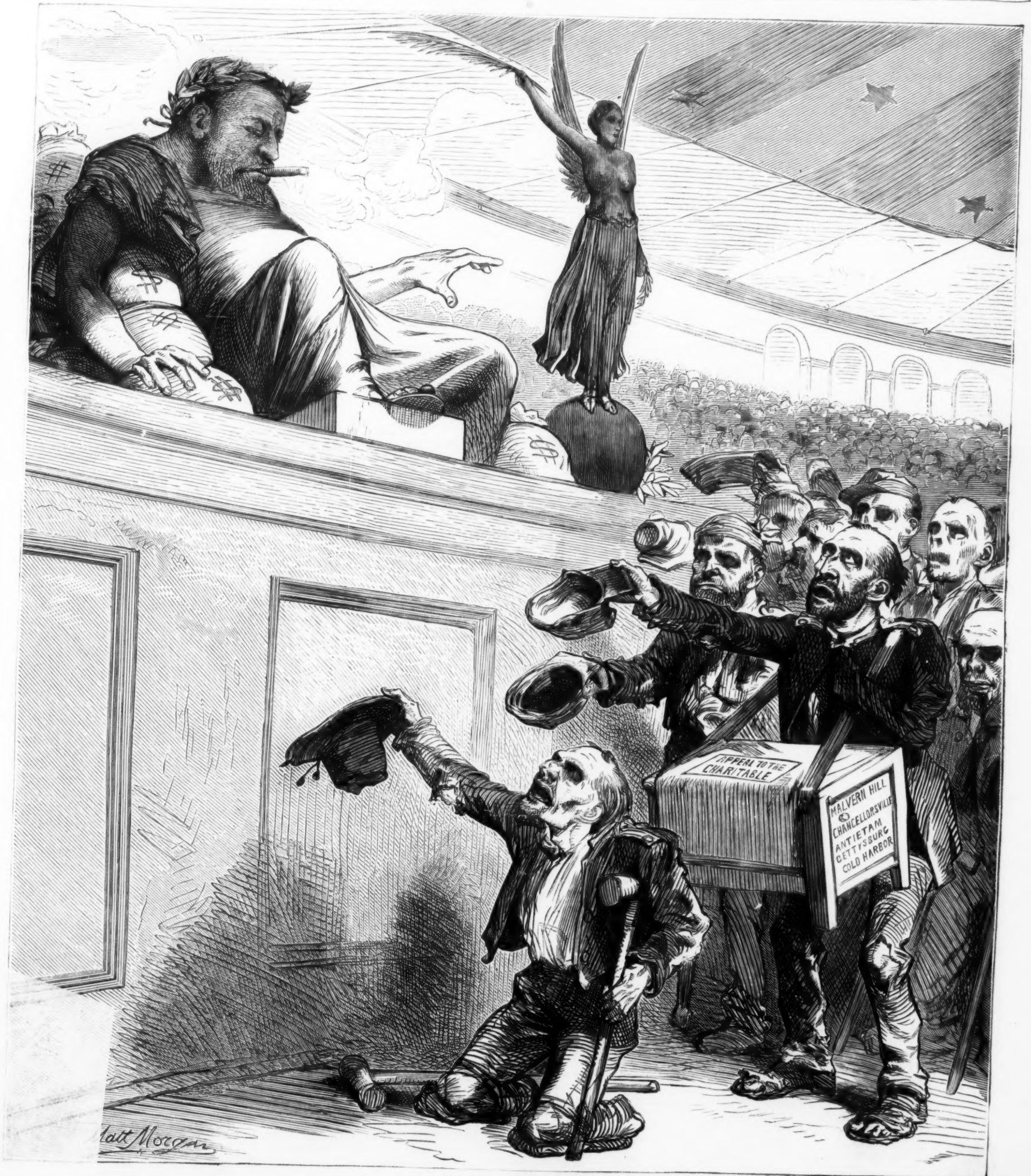
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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No. 892—Vol. XXXV.]

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

[PRICE, 10 CENTS. \$4 00 YEARLY.
13 WEEKS, \$1 00.]



A USELESS APPEAL.

U. S. G.—"No! No! I make it a rule only to receive. I never give anything."

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 2, 1872.

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One copy one year, or 52 numbers - \$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers - 2.00
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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated Paper in America.

CAUTION.

We have received several letters recently from the Western States, notifying us that a man calling himself J. H. Johnson, J. H. Fisher, etc., has been collecting subscriptions for our publications, and decamping with the money. We beg to announce, for the hundredth time, that we employ no traveling agents, and that all who represent themselves as such are impostors, who should be handed over to the police.

WILL DEMOCRATS COMMIT SUICIDE?

DEMOCRATS, it is perfectly plain that you can elect Horace Greeley. The facts and figures set forth by the Chairmen of the Pennsylvania and Ohio Democratic and Liberal Republican Committees prove this. These gentlemen show the public that the unpolluted Democratic vote in Pennsylvania and Ohio was ample to overcome all the Grant frauds committed there—as it overcame them in Indiana.

Do you want your party to perish? If so, desert the standard which its leaders and representatives unfurled at Baltimore. Desert it either by falling into the O'Connor-Grant trap, or by sulkily staying at home.

There is no such thing as overstating the responsibility which now devolves on you as Democrats. In one word, the fate of your party, and of its allies, is in your hands.

Review the facts in the case for an instant with us. From the dawn of the Rebellion, throughout the war, at the close of the war, at every subsequent election, you have been made the objective point of the ultra Radicals, who have assailed your organization by every influence of appeal, of fraud, and even force. Again and again you were stricken down in your efforts to protect Local Government, and to get rid of military usurpation. It was plain that you could not make this fight alone.

The time came when Grant demoralized the Republican Party, and alienated its most powerful leaders, and when it was evident that an honorable alliance could be effected with Liberal Republicans—under the lead of Greeley, in New York; of Schurz and Brown, in Missouri; of Trumbull and Palmer, in Illinois; of Curtis and McClure, in Pennsylvania; of Sumner and Banks, in Massachusetts; of Julian, in Indiana, and of the eminent Republican leaders in Ohio—it was clear that a New Departure could be taken by Democrats, in strict accord with their party traditions, based on the absorbing issue of Reunion and Local Government.

All your eminent men with one voice proclaimed for such Alliance and Departure. Seymour, Hendricks, Pendleton, Thurman, Blair—indeed, all your leaders—hailed the Cincinnati movement as a bright sign of hope; they adopted its platform and candidates, in fact, by acclamation, because they saw in their success the substantial triumph of the Democratic Party, through the only policy that could achieve it—namely, under a Republican lead, which should draw to your compact organization the Liberal Republican disaffection.

After Baltimore thus ratified Cincinnati, it rested with the Democrats to make the victory an easy one. Grant saw this, and at once began to sow discord among you, and to revive your ancient party hatred against Mr. Greeley, who once opposed you on now dead issues. The result in Ohio and Pennsylvania too clearly demonstrates that, thus far, he has succeeded in this strategy, which, while it is life to him, is death to you.

The late struggles convince you that the freedom of elections is imperiled. Will you fold your hands and permit Grant to overwhelm the Ballot? Will you desert your leaders, turn your back on the South, abandon the organization of your party, act in bad faith with your allies and help Grant to destroy the Elective Franchise, out of mere spite and prejudice? The enemy base all their hopes of victory in November upon the indications of defection to your party which you have exhibited.

The Liberal Republicans have everywhere done their duty. Do yours, and your party is saved by the allies. Fail to vote and to work for Greeley, and Grant wins through your aid. Then the grave of Democracy will be filled by

its corpse. "Suicide" will be the verdict of all mankind.

Below, we quote Mr. McClure's statement, as Chairman of the Liberal Republican Committee, as to the conduct of the Democrats in the Pennsylvania election. Speaking of the Liberal Republicans, he adds:

"There were not less than 15,000 in the State, and probably 20,000. No possible measure of fraud could have defeated him, but defection in the Democratic ranks created distrust and dissatisfaction all over the State, and the Democrats have lost more from their own ranks than the Republican accessions."

THE MAYORALTY.

TO all honest men, especially to our Irish friends who have so long been deceived by him, we say, do not be cheated by Boss Tweed in the Mayor's election. The Apollo Hall O'Brien movement is a job set up by Grant. Murphy and the Custom House are in partnership with Tweed and O'Brien to sell the Irish vote to Grant, under the mask of O'Brien. Let the corrupt tools of Tweed vote that way. It befits them. But all honest citizens will support a pure man for the important office of Mayor.

It cannot be that any decent Republicans will lend their help to put New York back again under Tweed's yoke! Of course, the whole object of this disgraceful manoeuvre is to reduce the Democratic majority in this city, so that the State can be handed over to Grant in November. Tweed and Grant and the New York Times are now lovingly joined with the penitentiary birds. Can such a game win, after all our bitter experience?

UP AND AT THEM!

WE glory in the political work which has been done in the Presidential campaign by FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER. We were the first to nominate Mr. Greeley, over a year ago. Personally, we inaugurated the movement among the leaders of the party in Washington which led to engrafting the Cincinnati Convention upon the Missouri stock, and which finally resulted at Baltimore in laying the deep and strong foundations of the Democratic Republican Party. This journal was also editorially represented among the delegates at Cincinnati; and we recur, also, with grateful pride to the fact that it was indorsed and complimented by the unsolicited and unexpected recognition of the Baltimore Convention, as attested by all the prominent members of that really eminent body, in a formal letter addressed to us.

We say these things in no boastful spirit. We utter them in this crisis of our political fortunes only to say that we glory in the work we have done for as noble a party as ever struggled for Freedom and the Right in any period of the world. Republicans as we are, we early saw the demoralization which the Kings under Grant were spreading abroad everywhere to batter down Local Self-government, only for the selfish object to secure his re-nomination and election. In this evil we at once perceived the danger of the Two-Term temptation, and we then made up our minds to adhere promptly, as we shall through all our future, to the One-Term principle.

All the Patriot Fathers inclined to One-Term. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Adams, and Monroe, has each left on record his testimony in favor of One-Term, and such of our early Presidents as were induced to serve twice did so with the just protest that he was forced to do it by a popular wish and necessity that left him no alternative. It is only of late years that the President has polluted the Federal Service to compel his second term.

This temptation to corrupt the Executive prerogative has steadily been making its victims, steadily interfering with the Freedom of Elections, constantly infecting parties with poison, until now the Federal Patronage has become a mere machine with which to wield conventions and to crush out all resistance to it by the Ballot-box. Never before has this gigantic evil ruled as supremely as it does this day!

Dating from his interference in the politics of the State of New York, and of New Orleans, Grant has steadily advanced this enormous machine, until now, to secure a second term, without any disguise, he orders all the machinery of Federal Corruption to strike down a Free Ballot in the face of day, without the slightest respect either for the genius and spirit of our institutions or for the positive law of the land on which he tramples, and which he is sworn to protect and administer in its purity. To this one issue has Grant, by his late conduct in Pennsylvania and Indiana, reduced us!

At this moment we are none the less strong in the faith that the nation can and will be preserved from the corrupt rule of this Administration, than we were in the inception of the grand movement which made Horace Greeley our standard-bearer. We feel confident, from the evidence of the stupendous efforts of

Fraud (which the Administration is powerless to repeat), that the Grant power is expended. All that is now necessary for our brave boys to do, is to throw aside every weight, to cast prejudices and traditions and party names to the winds, and rally for the Union, and for a Pure and Free Ballot. Up and at them, and win! Let this be the rallying-cry from New Hampshire to Texas, and the day is our own. In short, be aggressive. It is the Administration now who are out of ammunition, and on the defensive.

We can see every reason to confide in Greeley, and no reason to trust Grant. Mr. Greeley's late great speeches have removed all doubts from our minds as to his ability as a statesman. In the same number of words no statesman, living or dead, has uttered wiser, broader, truer, more practical things, in a clearer, cooler and more vigorous manner. He has astonished his warmest friends by these remarkable speeches, and he has wrenched praise of them from some of his bitterest party enemies.

Then we see by whom Grant is surrounded, and we witness the result of such surroundings, which is, failure and crime from North to South and from East to West. Rottness pervades the whole machine. From the Cabinet to the humblest clerk, all the Civil Service is subverted and corrupted. Labor is oppressed. The money market is tampered with by Federal interference. Commerce is neglected. The American bottoms rot idly in the docks, and on the stocks in our ship-yards. Corporate wealth is unduly stimulated and pampered by the Administration. The sections which need peace are as far apart as ever. The organized Blacks—organized by Grant—threaten serious danger. Our foreign representation is discreditable. In fact, the real interests of the nation are in a deplorably neglected state. Only Plunder seems to thrive, and to receive Federal encouragement.

We know that Horace Greeley is honest. We know that he is pledged to One-Term. We know that his views on Finance are sound. We know how well Mr. Greeley is personally known to the eminent statesmen of the nation. We are assured how profoundly he sympathizes with all grades of labor, and with every want of the entire people, and that his ambition will not be personal and selfish, like Grant's, but, on the contrary, he will call around him the most eminent Cabinet which his wisdom and experience can summon, without regard to any other consideration than the paramount one of restoring, uniting, building up and ennobling the American people. Mr. Greeley will, unlike Grant, set an example of sobriety, diligence, economy and morality, which, in itself, will check the present universal tendency in the contrary direction.

We have no distrust, either, of Mr. Greeley's business capacity. A President is not expected to comprehend the details of business. We do not look to him to be an expert in any branch of trade or commerce or finance. He has no business to meddle his fingers in such things. All the nation needs is an honest constitutional rule, a faithful administration of the laws, an honest collection and appropriation of the revenue, and a statesmanlike policy such as that embodied in the Cincinnati and Baltimore Platform, on which Mr. Greeley so firmly stands. Under such a policy every branch of business will speedily take care of itself, and revive. As it is now, overshadowing all, is Privilege and Monopoly, fostered by the "business" talents of the present Federal power!

Gifts, nepotism, and military surroundings are very bad things, and these Mr. Greeley will promptly abolish.

The nonsense talked against Mr. Greeley, about his notions concerning specie payments, only provokes a smile from the experienced and thoughtful. On this head we fully agree with Mr. Greeley and with Mr. A. T. Stewart. We are drifting clean away from specie payments. The interests of the country demand that we shall drift toward resumption. Certainly it is against all honest and sound policy to foster, as Grant does, constant dickering between greenbacks and gold. Once begun, and the matter of specie payments will take care of itself, and harm nobody who has sense and prudence. When once we are on that solid ground, everybody will rejoice—except street gamblers.

For these, and for the many reasons which, from time to time, we have urged in these columns, we battle for Greeley, in the fullest hope and confidence that, if a full Opposition vote is polled, the Right will prevail. Push all our columns to the front, aggressively, friends! and the day is our own! As we said before, the Administration has expended its principal ammunition; its big guns are helpless. Let us take them, and spike them. We can do it!

ORGANIZE!

WHOEVER wishes to beat Grant must look to the work of organization in his immediate neighborhood. He must look to this work himself. To wait for one's

neighbor, is to do nothing; for, by such example, your neighbor will look to you, and so the work will be neglected by all of you. It is very easy to organize. All you have to do is to bring out our full strength in your own ward or town, to see that every voter comes to the polls, and that no fraud is permitted.

Certainly, this is very easy work. Yet, simple as this labor is, had it been thoroughly performed, Pennsylvania would have overcome Cameron's frauds in Philadelphia. No matter about lazy committees. Don't wait for them! Friends, go yourselves about this duty promptly, and in one week the organization will be complete.

FRAUD EVERYWHERE.

THE evidences of fraud in the late elections sicken one. Here is an item brought by the telegraph against a Collector of Internal Revenue, who is Cameron's brother-in-law:

"LANCASTER, PA., Oct. 14th.—Complaint was made to-day, before Alderman Arnweg, by Reinhardt Reiner, election judge of the 8th Ward of Lancaster, against Dr. H. E. Muhlenberg, U.S. Collector of Internal Revenue, for offering said election judge \$200 if he would stuff the ballot-box to reduce Buckalew's majority to 100 in said ward. A warrant was issued for the arrest of Muhlenberg."

Again, in Indiana. The total vote in Indianapolis, which is Morton's home, was 12,974. The population is 50,000. The vote shows one voter to every 3½ of population. Applying this ratio to New York city, our vote would be about 250,000!

In Philadelphia, the judges of election of the First, Second, Seventh, and Twenty-second Divisions appear in print, and charge that false forged returns were made over their signatures, which make a difference of nearly three hundred votes in the Fifteenth Ward. By this one official exposure of crime in one ward, it is easy to make a calculation as to the enormity of the frauds perpetrated in all the other wards. This estimate alone gives over 6,000 fraudulent votes in the twenty-nine wards as the result of forgery, which is the smallest item in the black account. Now that the law is in the hands of false judges, of false counters and forgers, the only remedy is in the power of the people. We must submit, or revolutionize, or beat these scoundrels at the polls.

THE STAY-AT-HOMES.

A GREAT body of voters in this canvass talk about not voting. They don't like either candidate! They won't vote for Greeley because, years ago, and on old issues, "he abused the Democrats as a party." True, they agree with Greeley's present views; but, then, they hate Greeley! Is there sense or patriotism in this selfish view, now when the fight is made on the Freedom of the Ballot itself? Will you sell your country by your neglect? Will you prefer spite to patriotism? Are you wiser or better than were the assembled leaders of the party at Baltimore? Can you not safely follow where Seymour, and Pendleton, and Hendricks, and Thurman lead? Do you really prefer Grant to Greeley? Do you wish to enslave the South, and to rob her for ever; to approve outrages on the Ballot; to uphold corruption in the North; to wreck for ever the Democratic Party in the hour of its supreme need; and to do these things only because you dislike Greeley's past course on dead issues? Think of it!

"BUSINESS" PEOPLE.

BROKERS and Bankers, Syndicates, Railroad Monopolists and all sorts of Jobbers, have combined to create the impression that Mr. Greeley is not a safe business man. The same captiousness always distinguishes merely selfish Capital, which has no heart, no soul, no blood, no sympathy outside of its gold, its stocks, and its bonds. So it was in France after Napoleon's seizure of the throne. Then Capital said, "Only don't disturb! Don't annoy! Don't let us be worried with popular commotion, and we don't care about the Empire!"

We see what similar carping did for Capital and for poor France in the end. We behold her a young Republic struggling to pay off the Prussian indemnity and the debt of a war, her streets stained with blood, her commerce crippled, her public buildings defaced and destroyed, Communists executed and exiled; in fact, all her present prosperity not unlike to the foliage that clings around the breast of Vesuvius.

Beneath our feet yawns a sectional abyss, which should have been bridged over ere this, and which surely should be bridged over now! The business interests of the South are those of the North, yet the former are almost prostrate in the dust. The agriculture of the South is destroyed by taxes. Carpetbaggers seek out her blood like leeches, until now but little more remains to feed their rapacity.

Worse. A war of races is made imminent by the appeals and policy of the Administration, which have banded the Negroes together in hatred and opposition to the Whites.

Now, the true business man cannot see far beyond his nose, if he does not comprehend that the business interests demand the healing of our national sores from the bottom up! No selfish quackery will do, which merely covers over the surface, while the fires of inflammation are left to corrode and break forth in consuming force. It is only that sort of business man who follows wars and disturbances, like the sutlers of the army, or the keen shark of a speculator who trades in the unnatural conditions of Discord of all kinds, who sees his gain in the deceitful form of Union which is all that remains or can remain to us under Grant. To argue with such beasts and birds of prey as make up the Rings which this Administration fosters, were as if one should attempt to reason a brothel out of its trade by reading the Gospel to the procuress.

DEMOCRATS!

IF Grant triumphs, you will be hooted at, ridiculed, persecuted and despised. Can you doubt this when you read the assaults of the Radical leaders against you as "Rebels," and as the authors of all political villainy—as the accursed ones of party, in fact?

If Grant triumphs, you will have no part or lot in his Administration, simply because you are Democrats. No matter how good or eminent, Grant will not touch one representative man among you. You will be spurned from his Cabinet and from every representative position over which Grant, Morton and Cameron have any control. Your organization, now the controlling force in this fight, will then be trampled on and kicked about by Grant's rioters like a foot-ball. Do you doubt this, when you see how Grant has proscribed you, how Congress hustles every Democrat out of a contested seat in that body, whether it be right or wrong?

How long is it since you have fallen in love with Grant? Remember, that not to vote, and not to vote for Greeley, is a vote for Grant.

TRAPS.

YES—traps everywhere! Clubs bought up to divide the Irish for Grant's benefit; traps to bargain and sell on the Mayoralty and the State ticket—to help Grant. The peacock-and-owl O'Connor alliance, to help Grant. Lies of all sorts to help Grant—such as (in the North), that Greeley gives up the race! And in the South (to the negroes), that "the old Greeley is dead, and that the living Greeley was a Virginia Negro-trader."

Look out for traps. The only way to avoid them, is to vote the Reform ticket clean through.

RALLY ROUND THE FLAG.

THE Chairmen of the Liberal and Democratic Committees in New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, sound the bugle-blast for a successful charge in November. Ohio pledges herself to Horace Greeley. She declares through her Committee that the change of 6,000 votes, all that is needed to win the State, can be easily made, and will be made, by the Democratic vote which was unpolled on the 8th instant. The same spirit cheers us from Illinois. With a full vote, we must assuredly win.

We call attention to the stirring appeal to all men who love their country contained in the poem by Phemie Frost, published in this week's issue. There is a ring of genuine patriotism in every line, which must awake the enthusiasm of true Americans wherever they are found. It is, in fact, the battle-cry of the campaign, and should be on the lips of every Democrat and Liberal Republican who has for a moment halted on the onward march to success. Miss Phemie Frost has been a constant contributor to FRANK LESLIE'S LADY'S JOURNAL since its commencement, and has earned no small reputation in its pages; but this is the first attempt at verse that she has given us.

LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

NO. XXX.

SHALL WE WIN?

THOSE who have read the Junius Letters, of which this is one, will bear witness that consistently from the beginning I have based the hope of success for the Liberal Party on our perfect organization in the Central States; and that I have never ceased to warn my hundreds of thousands of readers (I can say this without vanity, since FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER alone reaches over the continent, and, besides, this series has been very widely republished) that Grant's reckless force and fraud and military tactics, and his millions of dollars, and, combined with these, the concentration of the serfs of the Civil Service, all buried on given segregated points, could only be successfully met by every opposing effort of all Democrats and Reformers, through the channel of an organization which should reach from the townships of each State to the State capitals. Grant has now exhausted this concentration, and most of his repeaters. In November the States all vote on the same day; hence our main fear in November grows out of panic and the colonization

of negro voters, and ballot-stuffing and false counting. Vigilant organization can prevent much of this. Now that the smoke of the late fight has died away, we see the field clearly. Every unbiased reading man perceives that Pennsylvania honesty belongs to the Liberals; that the undisciplined frauds of the Federal Government and the folly of the sulky stay-at-home Democrats in the rural districts lost us that preliminary skirmish, while the same agencies failed in Indiana, only because of our better organization there, and from the fact that the Democrats generally voted in that State in support of the Liberal ticket. The enormous majority rolled up in Georgia is practically a vote in advance of 125 in the Electoral College for Greeley, which leaves but 60 more to be wrested from the Usurper and his Kings.

What rational man doubts but that success is easily in our grasp, if our soldiers will come out in full force, and do battle under the Democratic and Liberal banner with the unanimity and devotion which their great Cause inspires? There is not the slightest reason for discouragement; the only cause of dread is Panic, and that the Democrats may not vote in solid column. If they fail to do this, upon the heads of such recalcitrant Democrats will rest the responsibility of having defeated our common cause—and of the utter destruction of the Democratic organization!

The motive which now inspires us is one which is strong enough to appeal from the graves of our patriotic sires in behalf of the labors to which they dedicated their minds and lives. What would Washington and Jefferson, and Adams and Monroe, and Jackson and Benton, and Clay and Calhoun and Webster, say—if they could speak—of the bold and corrupt interference by the Executive with the freedom of elections, such as has been witnessed in Maine and North Carolina, and Pennsylvania and Indiana? Mr. Schell speaks truly when he proclaims, "for the first time the system of Free Government and the sanctity of the Ballot are really on trial in the United States. From this hour forward the preservation of the franchise in its integrity dwells all other issues!"

Why go here into the details, with which the daily Press overflows, to exhibit the fact that Grant, Cameron & Co. arrogantly marched into Philadelphia and crushed out the Ballot as by force of arms, and with money? The total vote of Philadelphia is officially announced as 118,119. The registry was 165,000! By the last census the population of that city was 674,022. The registration was at the rate of one voter to every 4 inhabitants! and the vote at the rate of one voter to every 5.761! To help this fraud, so transparent and shocking, the Democratic vote was counted down, and the Republican vote was allowed to stand as cast, which latter trick alone saved Philadelphia from exhibiting the lying spectacle of having voted a fourth of its population!

The main work of this fraud, as we see, was done by imported roughs, thieves, bullies, burglars, villains of all sorts, who were protected openly by the police and the city marshals to such extent that their repeating, in some cases, amounted to voting thirty and forty times each! One of these New York roughs boasts openly of having made out of his gang of repeaters in Philadelphia \$6,000. The knave even tells how he did it. He says: "The men would deposit their ballots, and as soon as they could get outside of the room where the ballot box was, the money and their wages would be handed to them, when they would go off to the next polling-place, in omnibuses and buggies, and do the same thing." I myself went to Philadelphia the day after the election, and found it was universally conceded that this fraud had been so perpetrated. It cannot be but that the American people will rise and defend the Ballot against a repetition of this indescribable outrage.

Grant dared to do this thing because he was desperate. Because he knew that at his back were all the corruptions of Capital, all the force of wicked Monopolies, all the hopes and fears of his Army of Federal Office-holders. Why, then, should such a man hesitate to assure protection and reward to every creature of his in authority who should aid and defend those engaged in the violation of the law, through which means alone he hoped for success? Why should the despotic Grant dare to work such unscrupulous servants as Morton and Cameron in such an enterprise to their utmost, with direct help from the Treasury, and by the dabbings in Wall Street, the operations in gold, which were performed by the Government just in the nick of time to secure millions to Grant's commissariat?

The cause of Reform, most unhappily, has arrayed against it all the Power of Wealth; of that sort of wealth which is the interest of the Few at the expense of the Many. It is only where Labor governs that Institutions can be free! To harmonize and preserve the proper balance between Labor and Capital is the highest art of Statesmanship. Neither must gain undue preponderance. Before the war, Capital and Labor worked together with us in harmony. Fair wages were paid; fair services were rendered. One of the worst results of the war, which Grant instantly seized on for his advantage, was the accumulation of Capital growing out of Government contracts, speculations in bonds and stocks, fluctuations in the currency, and the combinations of National Banks, which, united, give an undue balance over Labor to Capital. This Capital, as we have seen in the course of this canvass, has controlled the Executive and Congress through Gifts and Rings and Banks, which latter have paid the bondholders not only interest on their bonds, but also duplicated interest on bank-notes issued on the faith of such bonds. Interest has been increased. Bondholders have this monopoly of money-lending at almost double interest. Add to this, monster railroad corporations created by Congress, and endowed with millions of acres of the public domain, and partial tariffs in aid of Capital at the expense of Labor—and so we behold, at a glance, the unnatural and dangerous stimulation of Capital, and the source of Grant's power, and of the national peril—as well as the cause of prolonged Labor Strikes! In all ages Capital has dreaded the people. It fears change. It hates a turbulent democracy. It leans to imperialism, and hence it supports Grant here, as it did Napoleon III. in France.

We see all of these imperial dangers verified in the actual facts of the Pennsylvania election, and in what is going on about us in the city of New York, where Wall Street confederates with the rogues of Tweed's gang to maintain monopoly in power. The roughs accept the reign of fraud as their element. The corrupt monopolists are willing to see Fraud reign, if Fraud will only serve Monopoly! This is one of the pregnant issues of the hour. Let the people ponder well and long on it. Let them act wisely and promptly, or all that is dearest to them, to their homes and their firesides and their posterity, will be suddenly enveloped and strangled by the crushing folds of this gigantic combination!

So much for the North. In the South behold ruin,

disunion and reckless plunder, a the fruit of this reign—and the seeds of sectional hate transmitted to the generations which are to follow us. Grant cannot reconcile the Sections, if he would. And we cannot go on disunited. It is not in human nature to look for love and peace at the hands of a Sectional ruler, on the close of a civil war. Sir Walter Scott nervously and truly paints this feature of humanity in these lines from "The Lay of the Last Minstrel"—

"Can pity the discord heal,
Or staunch the death-feud's enmity?
Can Christian love, can patriot zeal,
Can love of blessed Charity?
While Cressford owns the rule of Carr,
While Ettrick boasts the line of Scott,
The slaughtered chiefs, the mortal jar,
The havoc of a civil war
Shall never, never be forgot."

To heal the wounds of Civil War there must be, soon after its close, a reign of Peace and Love, represented by men acceptable to the masses of all sections, on the issues of Peace alone—rulers toward whom the hearts of the conquered and repentant incline, as well as their heads—of men who have their confidence; that confidence which a child feels in the affection and firmness of a loving, wise, though strict parent. Grant and his tyrannical and sectional Rings are not such rulers; nor are his rapacious Carpetbaggers. These can alone compel the deceitful smile of peace—a false assurance! They leave the heart untouched; they leave suspicion wide awake. The very sight and sound of such rulers engender hatred and vengeance and resistance!

Be not deceived either by the timid friend or the crafty foe who says, "All is lost." All is not lost! The field is in our power, if we will only put forth our strength. The main army is intact. Behold it in the united South and Southwest, in victorious Indiana, happily relieved from the great pressure of Grant, who must now scatter his minions over Ohio and Illinois, as well as over Pennsylvania and Indiana. Then there is the doubtful Pacific slope. New Hampshire, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York are yet in full power in the field; and the voice of Illinois promises triumph. The Ohio Liberal Democratic Republicans unfurl their flag with renewed energy, and declare officially that they can and will redeem that State. Even with Ohio and Pennsylvania for Grant, an aggressive fight in the States I have just enumerated gives us a clear majority in the Electoral College.

Again, I say, the odds are with us, and that we can win! We have only to fight bravely and determinedly on the issues which appeal so loudly to every patriotic heart, and Grant and his Rings must go down.

All depends on the solid vote of the Democratic Party. If the Democrats play the part of madmen, it is they who will drag from under the pillars of our common temple—and then, as an organization, never can they rise again! Will they commit this act of Folly and Crime?

JUNIUS.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ALL the London theatres, 36 in number, are now open.

The season at the Boston Globe commenced on the 21st.

MR. FLORENCE played in "Eileen Oge," in Baltimore, last week.

MISS CARLOTTA LECLERQ is making a tour of the New England States.

The Germania Theatre, adjoining the Academy of Music, is well supported.

THE Patti-Mario Concert Troupe gave a performance in Philadelphia last week.

RUBINSTEIN gives two grand concerts and one matinee at Steinway Hall this week.

LUCCA made a splendid hit as Zerlina, in "Fra Diavolo," at the Academy last week.

MLLE. ADELINA PATTI's short season at Homburg has been a succession of triumphs.

"LURLINE," Wallace's masterpiece of English opera, is announced for October 31st, at Irving Hall.

MR. CHARLES FISHER is to attempt the rôle of Falstaff, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," at the Fifth Avenue.

MISS KELLOGG sang to rapturous applause in "Il Trovatore" at the matinee at the Academy, October 19th.

THE Fabbri Opera Company closed their season of German Opera in San Francisco, September 28th, with "Norma."

MISS CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN has appeared as Meg Merrilies and Lady Macbeth at the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

STERLING old English comedies are to take the place of the light and sparkling "Diamonds" at Fifth Avenue next week.

AMÉE has opened in "La Perichole" and "Grande Duchesse" at the Olympic, and received a most enthusiastic welcome.

MR. and MRS. DION BOUCHAULT appear in two new characters this week at Booth's, in the popular play of "Jessie Brown."

THE Institute Fair is a great resort for an evening promenade for those who find the solid and manifold features of the Fair not sufficiently attractive.

THE New York Mendelssohn Union has issued a circular proposing to produce an ethical series of oratorios, anthems, cantatas, and pieces of like character.

THE ARCADIAN.—The Arcadian is the name of a new and dashing little journal issued to deal smartly with the best topics in Literature, Music and Art. It is edited by A. E. Lancaster, and counts among its writers Messrs. Wheeler, Schuyler, and other of our leading journalists. Naturally enough, some pepper enters into its composition. Without this, the paper could not succeed, and we must do the justice to Mr. Lancaster of saying that, as his first editorial bantling, it is a very fine child of its inches. We would especially call attention to its articles on current literature. These are remarkably able, and very far above the average of the usual articles in this class of journal. Indeed, in two of its numbers—we fancy the second and third—these alone were worth the price of the Arcadian. We should not omit to say that the paper is an admirable specimen of typography, and is well fitted for the *doudoir* of a lady as it is for the hands of the *flaneur*. It is, we understand, issued by Mr. Moss, the younger brother of the well-known Treasurer of Wallack's Theatre, and is thoroughly creditable, both to his tact and enterprise.

POLITICAL ITEMS.

MAYOR PETER, of Lancaster, Pa., is doing a good work in bringing Grant ballot-box stuffers to justice.

THE nomination of Abraham R. Lawrence for Mayor will be ratified by a mass-meeting in Tammany Hall on the 26th inst.

WILLIAM M. TWEED, late real estate partner of Thomas Murphy, has been indicted upon new complaints for defrauding the city.

HON. CHARLES P. THOMSON, of Gloucester, has been nominated for Congress by the Liberals in the seventh Massachusetts District against General Butler.

GENERAL McCLELLAN carried New York city by 37,000 majority in 1864, Butler's troops to the contrary notwithstanding. Will the Democracy do as well in 1872?

SECRETARY ROBERTSON is still stumping from city to city in this State and New Jersey for Grant. Robertson's pay is contingent upon the second term being a success.

SECRETARY BOUTWELL insists that he will remain in the Cabinet if Grant is re-elected, and will not give way to Morton, who swears that he will have the Treasury himself.

THE arrests of the Mayor and Grant's Postmaster and Collector and Assessor of Internal Revenue, in Scranton, Pa., for ballot-box stuffing on the 8th inst., looks like business.

THE report that the Liberal Headquarters at Washington have been closed is a Grant lie. They are open, and kept lively in the work of distributing documents and information.

COLONEL HENRY O. KENT, Chairman of the Liberal State Committee of New Hampshire, has issued a ringing call to the people of that State to rally for Greeley and Brown.

THE Liberals and Democrats in almost every State are sending out addresses from their State headquarters, rallying voters to the standard of One Term, Reconciliation and Reform.

THE Detroit Free Press asserts that General Grant's office-holders in that city are doing a lively business in importing and registering Canadian negroes for the November election.

HON. CALEB CUSHING has returned to the United States very much satisfied with the award made at Geneva. Being counsel for the United States, there is no reason why he should not.

"GENERAL" JOHN L. SWIFT has been making patriotic speeches for Grant in this and other States, for \$50 a night. He tells the same old stories that he related in the cause of Andy Johnson in 1866, and afterward for Hoffman in this State.

GENERAL B. F. BUTLER, whose legal residence is in the Seventh (Lowell) Congressional District of Massachusetts, has gone over again, for the third time, into the Sixth (Gloucester) District, and obtained the Republican nomination for Congress.

HON. FRANCIS KERNAN, Liberal and Democratic candidate for Governor, is making the most magnificent and enthusiastic canvass of the Empire State that was ever known in the history of politics. He is everywhere received with tokens of the highest regard.

SENATOR CONKLING is reported as having stated publicly that C. J. Vanderbilt was appointed in the New York Custom House by Horace Greeley, and that Mr. Greeley received Vanderbilt's salary. The Tribune pronounces the statement an infamous falsehood.

THE Boston Journal is engaged in the laudable enterprise of eulogizing the "eminent services" of Simon Cameron. Why don't the Journal publish the resolution of censure of Cameron, while Secretary of War, passed by the United States House of Representatives?

CAMERON'S henchmen fare not well. The arrests of Dr. Muhlenberg and Councilman McMillen, of Lancaster, have been reported, and now we see that John Wittinger, Jr., is up on a charge of furnishing fraudulent naturalization papers in the same city. Bring along the rest.

MESSRS. STANTON, Peckett, Parish, Moore, Weston and others, were formally read out of the Sixth Ward Grant Club of Brooklyn, because they propose to vote for that veteran Republican, Horace Greeley, in preference to Grant, who was a Missouri Border Ruffian in 1866.

THURMAN, Pendleton, Groesbeck, Thomson, Ewing, McCook, Griswold, Mungen, Brinkerhoff, Sloan, and a host of other war-horses of the Democratic Party, are in the field in Ohio, canvassing the State, and declare their purpose to carry it for Greeley and Brown in November.

SEÑOR JUAN TORATA, of Cuba, has discovered the secret of success with the Government of the United States. He had sent Grant a present of 10,000 imperial cigars, which, when "put up," will cost about \$15,000. What can the Señor want? He got his money selling slaves.

JIMMY O'BRIEN has been put to bed with William M. Tweed, John A. Dix and U. S. Grant, under the same "comfortable" by that considerate and unselfish patriot, Thomas Murphy. Samuel G. Courtney stands as Jimmy's sponsor, and Judges Barrett and Spaulding throw their judicial ermine protectingly over the sleeping beauties.

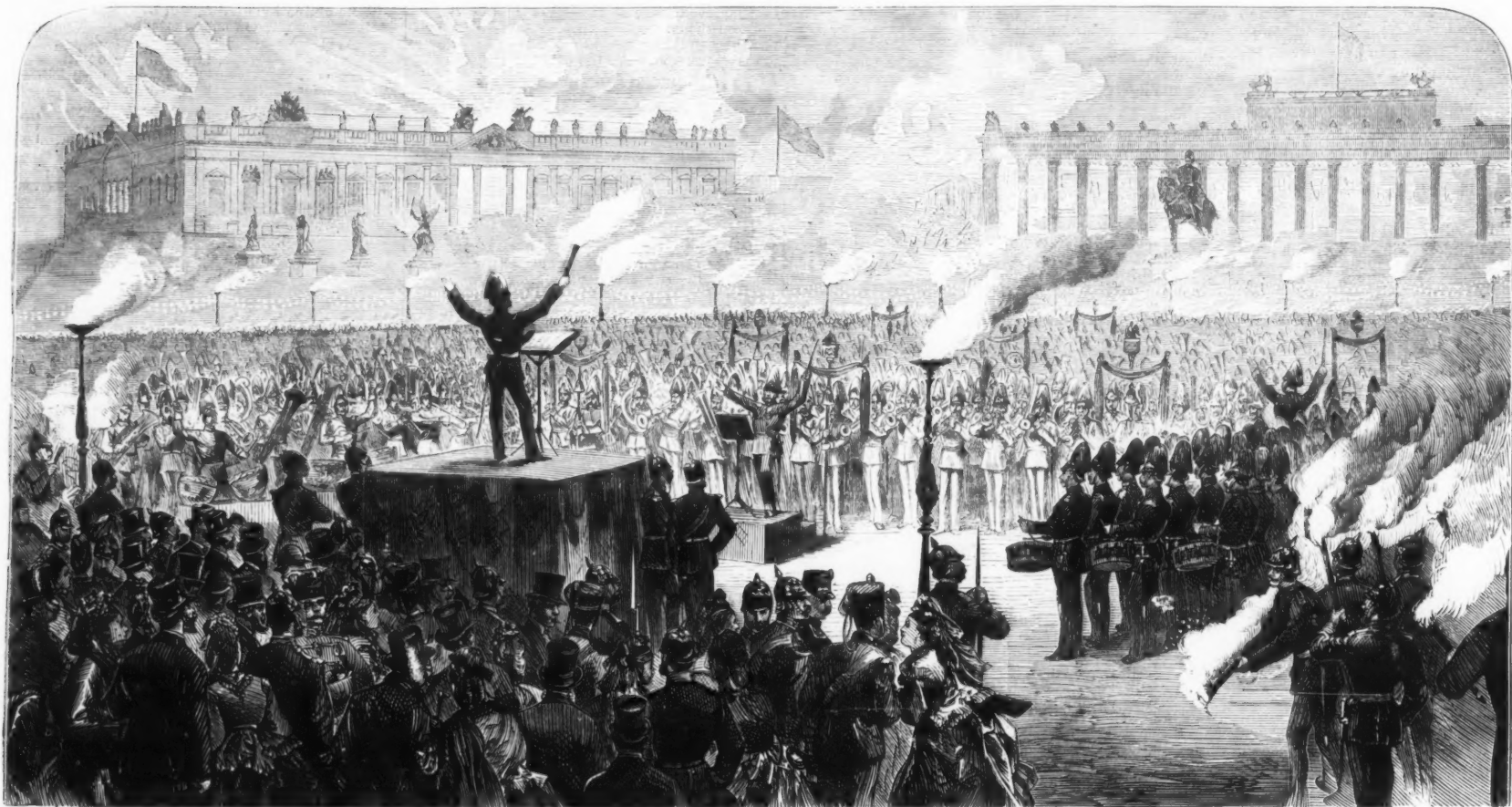
CAMERON-GRANT papers in Pennsylvania publish the following names as among a "black list," so called: A. G. Curtin, A. K. McClure, E. Joy Morris, Eli Slifer, T. M. Marshall, J. K. Morehead, Gaius A. Grow, Titian J. Coffey, John Hickman and Esais Bilingfield. It would have been a sorry day for Pennsylvania if those men had not controlled during the late war.

HON. E. B. WASHBURN, our Minister to the Court of France, has been granted a leave of absence by the President, and is reported to be on his way to this country. This looks as though Grant was alarmed about Illinois, and had sent for his Galena neighbor to help him out. It is understood that an *impromptu* reception is to be given the illustrious Washburne in Chicago, to afford him an opportunity to tell what he knows about Grant, and how much Illinois is under obligation to him.

THE negro race have captured South Carolina. Black Radicalism triumphed in the election, on the 10th inst., of Franklin J. Moses, the negroes' candidate for Governor. A. H. Gleaves, a convicted criminal, is elected Lieutenant-Governor, and Bowen, the bigamist, expelled from Congress, is elected Sheriff in Charleston County. The whites remained away from the polls almost entirely, except in the Fourth District, where ex-Governor Perry (Liberal) was elected to Congress in place of Wallace, Radical.

MORTON, of Indiana, does not feel certain about his re-election to the Senate, the margin in the two Houses of the Legislature-elect is so small. He expresses great anxiety for the election of Henry Wilson as Vice-President, in the belief that Boutwell will be elected to the Senate as Wilson's successor, in which event he (Morton) will insist upon having the Treasury Department. Should events focus to Mr. Morton's liking, Grant will defend himself from the latter's approach, by preventing Boutwell from being elected senator. He has said that it would be a calamity to trust the Treasury with a jobber like Morton.

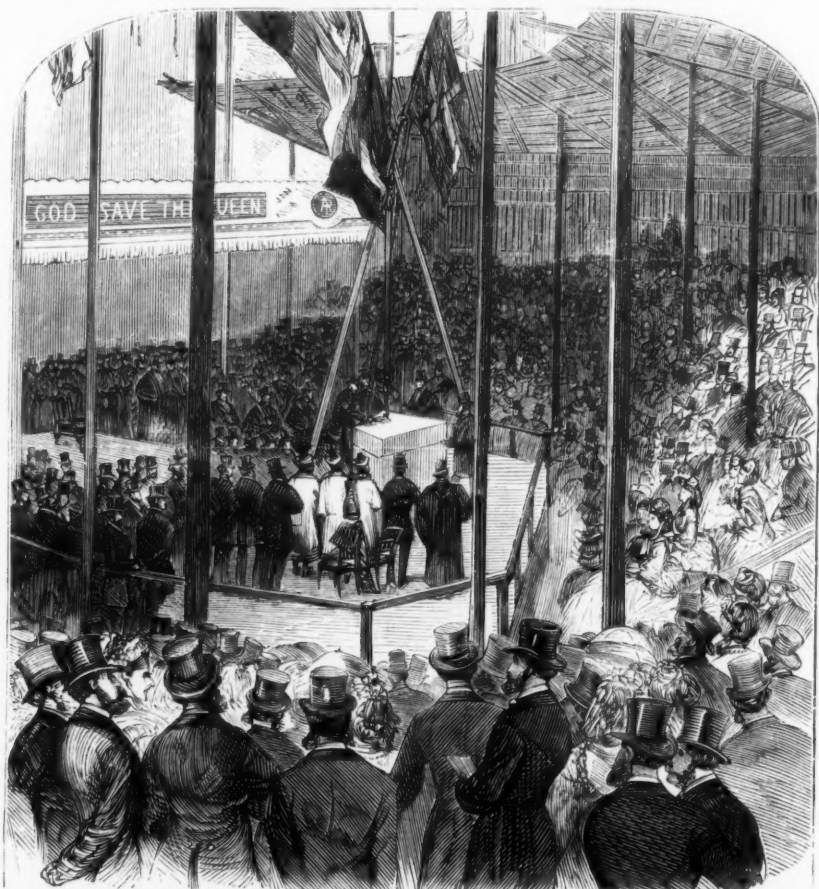
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 119.



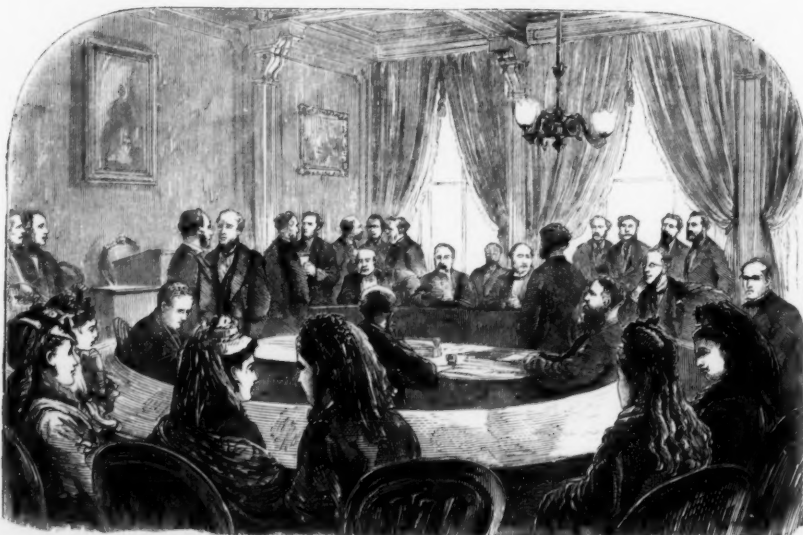
GERMANY.—THE MEETING OF THE EMPEROES—THE PRUSSIAN GUARDS BAND PERFORMING THE "ZAPFENSTREICH," BY TORCHLIGHT, BEFORE THE OLD PALACE.



FRANCE.—BUYING RELICS OF THE SIEGE, IN PARIS.



ENGLAND.—PRINCE ARTHUR LAYING THE CORNER-STONE OF THE NEW EXCHANGE BUILDINGS AT LEEDS.



SWITZERLAND.—THE FINAL AWARD OF THE GENEVA ARBITRATION.



GERMANY.—DRINKING THE WATERS AT BADEN-BADEN.



NEW YORK CITY.—RECEPTION OF MR. JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE, BY THE LOTOS CLUB, AT THE CLUB HOUSE IN IRVING PLACE, OCTOBER 19TH, 1872. See Page 123.

WHY HE CHANGED HIS VOTE.

BY SAMUEL W. PIERCE.

WELL, boys, I'm safely home again, after my weary jaunt. You know I've told you all along I thought to vote for Grant;

But since the mighty rogues I saw the other day, I've come to the conclusion to vote a different way.

What was it that I saw? you ask. 'Tis more than I can tell:

You recollect, I went away my crop of grain to sell. I reached old Philadelphia just on Election Day, And there I saw how men for gold could sell their souls away.

'Twas there I saw repeaters (I vouch for what I say, For, being somewhat doubtful, I followed them that day).

And seen them go from street to street, a dozen gangs or more,

Until my faith was shaken as ne'er it was before.

I asked one who they voted for. Said he, "Are you for Grant?"

Well, then, I'll tell you frankly. We feel the party can't

Succeed by honest measures to beat this Bucklew, So we've took up with other means to pull old Hart-rant thro'.

"You know, if Pennsylvania is beaten here to-day, That Greeley and his party will have entire sway; Turn out the office-holders, who now possess the land; And with his watchword of *Reform*, take a decided stand.

"Now, this same Horace Greeley is powerful, we fear, And so we fixed the poll-lists, and brought repeaters here

From all the various cities, as ne'er was done before, We'll beat by twenty thousand, or, if we need them, more."

All this, and more, he told me, until I came to see That this was not the people's choice, but a conspiracy,

Deep-laid and skillful in its plan, to take the party thro'.

It was not honest voters spoke, but a great thieving crew.

'Tis time, I think, when Governments who aid such monstrous fraud

Should from our land be swept away, and we with one accord

Lift up our hands in protest, to show the world that we,

The people, still the nation rule, and not the powers that be.

They say that Horace Greeley took to the losing track; But since I've seen these things I've told, I'm glad

He has turned back.

When men like him and Sumner, who've led so many years,

Protest against the ruling power, there must be cause for fears.

You know how speakers told us he wasn't fit to fill The Chair of State at Washington; that he was old

and ill;

But, friends, I met him yesterday, when speaking at a fair,

And since I saw him, years ago, he hasn't changed a hair.

And now I see, as plainly as stars in yonder skies, That all they told about him here were nothing more than lies.

So, when November comes around, I'll jest drive inter town,

To cast my vote in with the rest for Greeley and for Brown.

"WRECKED!"

THE ROSCLERRAS OF MISTREE.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PUBLISHED CHAPTERS.

THE story opens, on a stormy night in November, on the Cornish coast. The scene is laid in Mistree Castle, from one of the windows of which Mrs. Bellerose and her son Dorion are anxiously looking out upon the sea, as the lightning occasionally illuminates it. The distant boom of a signal gun is heard through the storm. It occurs to them that it may be a signal of distress from the *Lady Lily*, Lord Rosclerra's yacht, which was expected to arrive at that time, bringing the young lord and his bride to his birthplace and home. Mrs. Bellerose is a widow, Dorion her only child, and Lord Rosclerra is his cousin. Dorion hastens to the shore to render assistance, and is recognized as the *Lady Lily*. Dorion insists upon launching boats and going to her assistance, but is dissuaded from such a mad attempt by more experienced mariners, who thereupon light signal fires on shore as the only means of assistance within human power. By the aid of these lights, the yacht is seen vainly struggling with the storm, and is finally dashed to pieces on the Tregar Rocks.

In the second chapter, Mrs. Bellerose, witnessing the scene from the windows of the castle, mutters: "Oh, that these lights may be of no avail to save those who are between him, and power, and wealth!" Seeing the fate of the vessel, she says: "The Tregar Rocks never relinquish their prey. There will be mourning for Rosclerra and his bride, and Dorion, my Dorion, will be Lord of Mistree." Dismissing her attendants for the night, she envelops herself from head to foot in a long black cloak, and stealthily leaves the castle.

On the extreme point of the Tregar Rocks was a small cabin, inhabited only by an old woman known as Witch Tregar and her son 'Fram, both of whom bore an evil reputation in the vicinity. Watching the wreck from the water's edge, Witch Tregar, with an iron-hooked staff, drags from amid the debris the body of a young girl. A deep wound gaped in the left temple, but the old woman is convinced that life is not extinct. Dragging the body to her cabin, she observes on the third finger a plain gold ring and a hoop of brilliants, which indicate that the possessor must be the *Lady Rosclerra*. She concludes that, to bring the inanimate form back to life will insure her a large reward. At the threshold of the cabin, a tall, dark form lays a hand upon her arm. "Is that you, 'Fram?" she says, and pushing open the door, enters with her burden, followed by the new-comer.

CHAPTER III.—WITCH TREGAR'S VISITORS.

"I'm main glad thou'rt come, 'Fram, lad," said Witch Tregar, as the door closed behind them; "light the candle in the big lantern, for it's cruel dark, and I've a job to my hand here. Hurry, lad; thou'rt main slow!"

"I am not your grandson, Dame Tregar,"

said a low, clear voice out of the darkness; "I am one who seeks you on pressing business. Tell me where the lantern hangs, and I will light it, if I can find it in the darkness."

The witch started as the cautiously modulated voice reached her ears. She laid her burden on the floor, and in another moment she had, with the aid of her tinder-box, lighted a tallow candle in a huge ship's lantern, suspended from a rafter supporting the low roof. She turned her eyes eagerly toward the spot whence proceeded the voice of her visitor, and perceived a tall, cloaked figure standing motionless near the door. The dim rays of the candle failed to illuminate face or form distinctly, and, in a tone which involuntarily took a lower and more cautious key, she said:

"Who are you that seeks Witch Tregar on such a night?"

With a rapid step the tall figure approached the light, and with a quick movement threw back the folds of the mantle, displaying a pale, beautiful face, and eyes which burned like stars. The old woman recoiled a step.

"Mrs. Bellerose!" she ejaculated. "The young lord's aunt!"

"Yes," said Mrs. Bellerose, quietly; "but be cautious. Are you alone?"

"But for this poor thing, my lady, and she's as nigh dead as can be."

She indicated the drenched and insensible form on the rude floor with a skinny forefinger, and turned a curious and scrutinizing glance at her visitor.

Mrs. Bellerose threw the saturated and heavy mantle from her, and drew near.

"Who is she?" she said, looking down at the fragile form at her feet, and then straight into the cunning eyes of Witch Tregar.

"I can't tell you that, my lady; she was cast ashore a few minutes ago from the vessel that struck on the jaggs. She's a wedded wife, though she looks little more nor a child, and a born lady, too. Look at the rings and hands of her!"

"Were any other bodies cast ashore?" demanded Mrs. Bellerose, as, kneeling down, she raised the girl's pallid face and examined her features attentively.

Witch Tregar shook her head.

"Mebbe, since I came up, there have been," she answered; "but I couldn't see the poor thing die for want of help, so I carried her here as quick as my old legs could come."

Mrs. Bellerose was not deceived by the tone of affected compassion in which the old woman spoke. She rose, fixing on her a calmly penetrating eye.

"Come, Dame Tregar," she said, quietly, "you know as well as I that this drowned girl is *Lady Rosclerra*."

"Well! and if I do, what then?" said the witch, in as coldly insolent a tone as that used by Mrs. Bellerose herself. She eyed her visitor defiantly, and with a frown which nearly hid the cunning glitter of her tawny eyes.

"Do you think she will recover?" said Mrs. Bellerose, disregarding the tone in which the woman spoke. She awaited her answer with intense impatience, as Witch Tregar leant over the girl, and peered under the half-opened eyelids.

"She'll comb gray hairs yet," she said, at last; "she's young and strong, and the beat of her heart has come back. It's a proud night for the old woman that has saved the young *Lady Rosclerra*!"

Mrs. Bellerose frowned.

"Leave her," she said, imperiously, "and bar the door; I have matters of importance to confide to you."

The witch, whose curiosity was fairly aroused, obeyed with alacrity. The iron bar was raised to its place against the clumsy but strong door, and she turned again to her visitor. Few sought in any manner the services of Witch Tregar, without gold to lay in her withered palm; and, scenting gain as the vulture does carrion, her manner became smooth and obsequious. Dragging forward a rude bench, she offered it to Mrs. Bellerose, who declined it with a slight gesture, and remained standing.

"Then you undertake to assist me in this?" said Mrs. Bellerose, some ten minutes afterward, as she once more enveloped herself in the damp and clinging folds of the cloak which she had thrown aside on her entrance, after a low-toned but animated conversation with the old woman.

A hungry smile distorted the thin lips of the witch, and she laid her skinny claw on the arm of her visitor, while she peered into her face with a cunning leer.

"But the gold, my pretty lady," she whispered, shrilly; "I must have plenty of that. Look at the danger to the poor old woman. I'd be torn limb from limb by the *Rosclerra* men if it ever got wind. Oh! I must have plenty of bright, shining gold, the color of your own pretty hair, or I can't do it."

"I tell you I will pour it into your lap," said Mrs. Bellerose, impatiently. "Take this as earnest money;" and she drew a silk purse from her pocket, and handed it to Witch Tregar, whose long fingers closed over it like a vice, while her eyes actually seemed to emit sparks as they glistened over the treasure. She was about to pour out a torrent of thanks, when loud voices were heard outside, and a rap was given to the panels of the clumsy door.

"Holloa! Open the door, witch—you're wanting," roared a stentorian voice; and Mrs. Bellerose turned pale as her eye fell on the still apparently insensible form on the rough floor, and the danger to herself of recognition flashed across her mind.

She looked in mute terror at the old woman, whose uncultivated but keen intellect at once took in the situation.

Laying her finger on her lip, she raised the light form in her arms, and motioning Mrs. Bellerose to follow her, crept stealthily to a ladder, nearly hidden in the shadows at the far end of the building. It led to a kind of rude loft, formed by boards laid closely across the heavy beams supporting the roof, and up it the

witch silently stole with her unconscious burden, closely followed by Mrs. Bellerose.

"Stay here till I come to you," muttered the hag, as she deposited the girl on the floor, "and for your life, don't move or speak."

Mrs. Bellerose nodded, and seating herself on the floor beside the unfortunate girl, drew her cloak more closely round her, while Witch Tregar descended the ladder noisily, and grumbling loudly.

"A pretty time of night for beating down a lone woman's door!" she said, in a harsh, complaining key, as she shuffled toward it, and Mrs. Bellerose shivered in her hiding-place as Dorion's voice came from the outside.

"For mercy's sake open, Dame Tregar; it is I, Captain Bellerose, of *Rosclerra*. Pray, open quickly!"

Still muttering and complaining, she let down the iron bar, and flung back the heavy door, the wind and spray driving madly in as she did so, while a bright flare of torchlight dazzled her eyes, and at the same time illumined a group, slowly entering, carrying the tall form of a dead or insensible man, and followed by Dorion Bellerose, whose face was deadly pale in the yellow, uncertain glare of the torches.

"There! lay him down gently, lads!" said Drift, who was one of the bearers; and in obedience to the command, they laid him down on the floor, nearly directly under the spot where sat Mrs. Bellerose.

A broad space between two planks enabled her to see all that transpired below, and as the men drew back, she saw what she had hoped to see—the inanimate form of her nephew, Lord *Rosclerra*.

Yet, completely as avarice and ambition had warped her nature, she could hardly repress a shuddering scream as her eyes lighted on the familiar features, set in the rigidity of what might be death. She valued her eyes with her trembling hands, while Drift's voice came up to her, saying:

"I'm afraid it's all over with him; but you're skillful at such work, witch; so try your hand at bringing him to."

"You will be rewarded, Dame Tregar," interposed Dorion, "if you lend your assistance. I have heard of your skill in restoring the apparently drowned to life, and though we have dispatched a messenger for the doctor, it will be some time before he can arrive. In the meantime pray do what you can for my cousin. You shall be well paid."

"Gold! it rains gold to-night; it pours gold," muttered the hag, but in a tone which, low as it was, reached the quick ear of Drift, who stood close beside her.

He looked curiously at her, as she shuffled away to procure some necessary thing, and then his bright, twinkling eye roved inquisitively round the gloomy and wretched abode. It fell on some dark object close to his feet, and stooping, he picked it up. It was a black crepe rosette, evidently a portion of the trimming of a woman's mourning-dress, and a look of wonder crossed his weather-beaten features as he examined it. He was looking at it when Dorion addressed him, and obeying a sudden impulse, he thrust it into his pocket before turning in answer to Captain Bellerose.

"He ain't dead, that's sure, cap'n," he replied, stooping to gaze into the dead features of the young earl; "but I'm only in the way here, so I'll just go down to the eddy again, and keep a lookout in case any more of 'em is drifted up." And with a parting glance round him, Drift made for the door. Groping to find the bar, he knocked down Witch Tregar's staff, which was leaning against the wall behind the door, and stooping to replace it, he found that it was wet. "The old varmint must have been out in the storm, after all!" he muttered, "though she flared up so at being routed. After no good, neither, I'll warrant me."

But the necessities of the present were too urgent to allow of his wasting time in idle speculation, and, followed by the greater number of the men, he strode out into the darkness, leaving Dorion and a couple of gray-headed fishermen to assist in the restoration. If such were practicable, of the unfortunate earl.

All the energies of her powerful frame, the resources of her keen intellect were bent by Witch Tregar to the task of resuscitating the Lord of *Rosclerra*, and Dorion, too agitated to give efficient aid, regarded with wonder and a certain feeling of awe the weird woman bending over the body of his cousin. She looked like the impersonation of some grim and fantastic creation of ancient mythology.

A dead silence, broken only by the movements of the old woman, reigned in the rude hut, and Dorion, leaning over the body of his cousin, checked his breathing, in an agony of suspense, as a faint glow quivered for an instant over the marble features, and then died out, as the warm tint fades from ashes.

He turned an eager and questioning glance on the wrinkled face of the hag. A smile of triumph parted her parchment-like lips. She nodded twice with an air of conviction.

"Yes, he'll live," she said, answering the mute interrogation aloud.

The exclamation of thanksgiving rising to Dorion's lips was checked by a sharp but suppressed cry, uttered, it seemed to him, near him in the air. He started and looked at his companions. They were also looking round the dim apartment for an explanation of the sound, which had also been audible to them, and simultaneously their eyes sought the face of Witch Tregar.

She alone had not heard the sound, for, still intent on her task of restoration, she knelt beside *Rosclerra*, chafing his temples with her skinny hands, and peering into his face for renewed signs of life.

At once, and with a startling rapidity, a change passed over the quiet face. The lips moved, the eyes opened; at first vacant; then, as memory returned, wild and questioning.

"Lillian!" he cried, in a strong, full voice, unlike the tones of a man snatched but the

moment before from the jaws of death. "Where is my wife?"

His eyes rolling round the room, lighted on the face of Dorion, the grave, sad countenances of the white-haired fishermen, and the ominous visage of the hag.

He rose to his feet. He stood unwaveringly on the spot where, an instant before, he had lain speechless—lifeless, almost. He looked steadily at each in turn. Dorion's face he seemed to see apparently without recognition. But from it and the howling of the tempest he gathered his answer.

As a tree struck by lightning, he fell to the ground, and a stream of blood gushed from between his lips, and wound in a dark coil over the uneven floor.

Dame Tregar struck her hands angrily together. "Work spoiled!" she said, shrilly. "Work spoiled! Woe to the house of *Rosclerra*! It's chief is dead."

Petrified by the woman's words, Dorion stood for an instant regarding the prostrate body of Lord *Rosclerra*, and the conviction forced itself on him that it was indeed so. Vain all efforts now to restore suspended breath—vain indeed; and through the storm the men of *Rosclerra* bore the dead body of its lord to the frowning towers of *Mistree*.

As the last of the group issued from the door bearing the body of the unfortunate young earl, Witch Tregar lifted the iron bar to its place, and, waiting till the sound of their footsteps had died away, called cautiously to Mrs. Bellerose, who appeared at the top of the ladder, and from the dead pallor of her face, her eyes sparkled with the lustre of diamonds.

She descended quickly, and stood before the old woman. Her fair hair, in damp masses, fell over her shoulders, from which hung the heavy folds of the wet cloak. Her slender fingers were interlaced, and her lips, parted with a nervous movement, displayed her small, pointed and glittering teeth.

Witch Tregar was the first to break the silence. "And now the young captain, bless his bonny face! has gone back to the castle as its lord, does my lady mean to keep to the old plan about the poor young widowed thing lying up there?"

Even a casual observer would have found no pity in the old hag's lean visage, so completely did its expression belie the sympathizing epithets she had applied to the unfortunate young lady, and a contemptuous smile flickered for a second over the pale face of her visitor.

"I still keep to my old plan," she said, impatiently, for—"she checked herself. "Never mind why," she continued. "All you have to do is to see that it is faithfully and speedily carried out; and remember that those who serve *Honora Bellerose* are rewarded with no niggard hand."

The old woman peered curiously into the dusky-blue eyes of the lady, nodding her head sagaciously and with a cunning leer.

"I must go now," said Mrs. Bellerose, drawing the heavy cloak more closely round her, and turning to the door; "but you will hear from me betimes to-morrow."

Witch Tregar proceeded to let down the iron bar, and they both stepped out into the wild night. The embers of the decaying beacon-fires were smoldering dully, forming a kind of semicircle round the bay, the waters of which were now comparatively quiet, and the riot of the open sea was calming down into a sullen rolling of the waters. Still, Mrs. Bellerose could not repress a shuddering shudder as the blackness closed round her, which was not lost on Witch Tregar.

"Better wait till 'Fram comes; he'll convey you to the castle; and you might easily lose your footing on the rocks. How you got here through the storm, I don't know."

For a moment Mrs. Bellerose considered, and then shook her head.

"I cannot wait," she said, resolutely bracing herself to the toilsome task. "Even now I shall have difficulty in getting in unobserved. I must go."

"Well, as you got hither, you can get back," said the old woman, with an insolent familiarity.

At another time a sharp rebuke would have come stinging from the haughty lips of the patrician; but when one associates oneself in a crime with another, one cannot afford to anger one's confederate; and, indeed, Mrs. Bellerose was hardly conscious of her remark.

"Good-night," she said; "and remember my directions."

The darkness closed upon her cloaked figure, and Witch Tregar, with a grim chuckle, barred her door after the last of her visitors.

CHAPTER IV.—LYING IN STATE.

A PERIOD of ten days had elapsed since the wreck of the *Lady Lily*, and the evening set apart for the burial of the Lord of *Rosclerra* had arrived.

For ages it had been the custom of the family to bury their dead by torchlight, and the old rule was to be adhered to in this last case; so, the body lay in state in an upper chamber until the hour of midnight should arrive, and to the tolling of the castle-bell the young lord should cross for the last time the threshold of the dwelling of his ancestors.

Though still as the tomb, every chamber in the castle was filled with guests summoned to the funeral from amongst the mighty of the land, and the principal suite of apartments in the castle, known as *Queen Anne Booleyn's* rooms, from a tradition that they had once been occupied by that unfortunate lady, were again the abode of royalty.

Lord *Rosclerra* had occupied a prominent position at court, and the same young prince who had graced the marriage, but a year previously, of his most intimate friend with the beautiful *Lady Lillian Falconbridge*, was now present amid those who would follow him to his grave, in the chancel of the mighty old *Rosclerra* church, where many generations of

his name slumbered on beneath their marble effigies.

Of the body of Lady Rosclerra, the strictest scrutiny, the most unwearied efforts, had obtained no tidings, and it was the belief of all that it had sunk to the depths of the ocean, to rise no more until that day when "the sea shall give up its dead."

The memorable storm in which the *Lady Lily* had gone down had been succeeded by the unalterably depressing leaden calm of an English November, and a gray, chilling, clinging mantle of mist seemed to envelop the heavens, the earth, and the sea, which latter lay sluggishly at rest as though never more capable of being lashed into fury by the wind, or brightened into glory by the sun.

Along the bay, a semicircle of black mounds of embers denoted the position of the beacon-fires, and the flag which had proudly fluttered from the flagstaff of the castle hung motionless at what sailors term half-mast, its heavy silken folds undisturbed by the faintest ripple of wind. Once every hour, night and day, a deep single melancholy toll issued from the great bell of the castle, and was responded to in like manner from the belfry of the church, standing some half-mile further inland. Over the principal entrance the escutcheon of the deceased nobleman was elevated side by side with that of his wife.

Though crowds of Rosclerra men were hourly passing to and fro to look their last on their dead lord, a silence almost complete reigned in the castle, and the distant closing of a door reverberated again and again through the lofty corridors, or an incautious footfall sounded with alarming distinctness through the hushed building, so great was the quietude within.

The intense gloom which overspread even the face of nature was well suited to the feelings of Dorion Bellerose, now Lord Rosclerra, and served somewhat to calm and soothe the first excitement of his grief. Of his mother he had seen but little, as the shock had apparently so prostrated her as to confine her to her apartments, and but for a daily visit to her darkened chamber, they did not meet.

"A nervous attack," the family physician declared; and while those who knew Mrs. Bellerose best looked surprised at this unsuspected trait of feminine weakness in her character developing itself, the world in general accepted it, as it does such tidings usually, with a polite acquiescence, and bemoaned her delicate susceptibilities, and the tragic events which had led to their laceration, in the manner proper to the circles in which she moved.

The entrance-hall and wide staircase leading to the apartment where the body lay were hung with black, and as the evening approached, the faint glimmer of wax tapers in heavy silver sconces threw a melancholy and dreamy light over the scene, which began to display a kind of subdued animation.

Groups collected in the corridors, and the black-robed figures of the undertaker's corps of assistants glided stealthily hither and thither, while a steady stream of rough-visaged men, toil-worn women, and even little children, poured up the wide stairs to look their last on the face of the unfortunate young nobleman.

Among them, to the unbounded surprise of all, appeared the gaunt and erect form of Witch Tregar, slowly ascending, leaning on, or more properly speaking, clutching the arm of her grandson Fram, whose wild, wicked eyes roved curiously over the novel scene, as he stumbled and shambled along at her side.

The simple country people, remembering their prejudices against the pair, shrank back as they approached, and so great was their unwillingness to enter the chamber of death in such doubtful company, that nearly all staid their progress in the ante-room, thus suffering the old woman and Fram to proceed thither alone. Curious nods and glances were exchanged among the remaining group, as the pair disappeared behind the heavy black curtains which separated the two rooms.

The apartment in which they found themselves was of vast extent, and the feebly gleaming lights and sombre hangings seemed to magnify its proportions. The coffin was elevated on a low platform in the centre of the floor, covered with purple velvet and blazoned with heraldic devices, while at each corner of the bier was stationed the black, motionless form of a mute. The coffin-lid lay on one side, in readiness for screwing down, and a huge silver candelabrum was so disposed as to throw a strong but mellow light on the face of the dead man.

Two persons already occupied the apartment, and stood together gazing into the coffin. A scowl distorted Witch Tregar's haggard face as she recognized Drift and the pretty brunette Rosetta, who was sobbing aloud, while her companion evidently tried to assuage her distress, having taken her hand in his, while he spoke to her in a low and soothing tone.

A devilish glare of malice also sprang into Fram's small green eyes as he observed the attitude of the pair, for the bright face of Rosetta had roused in his half-demented mind a violent affection, of which its object was not unaware; and from that moment, with all the wild, frenzied energy of his soul and mind, he hated brown-faced Drift, and swore to himself to be avenged on him.

In the meantime, Rosetta perceived the advancing forms of the witch and her grandson, and while her face crimsoned beneath the old woman's insolent glance, she hastily drew her hand from Drift's grasp, and descending the two low steps of the platform, came to meet them.

"I have a message from Mrs. Bellerose for you, dame," she said. "She told me to say that, if you came here to-night, I was to bring you to her, as she wished to thank in person the woman who'd done so much to bring the poor young gentleman back to life."

Here Rosetta put her handkerchief to her face, and sobbed aloud again.

"I'll pay my duty to my lady, never fear, my

pretty," replied the old woman, in a purring, chuckling voice, inexpressibly hateful; "but, first, I must look my last on the bonny face, yonder. Ah! and to think there's even a bonnier than his lying under the salt waves, this night! It's a woeful night for the house of Rosclerra!"

Still clutching Fram's rigid arm, she passed the waiting-maid, and stood beside the coffin. Into which she gazed with a prolonged and steady glare, while Drift again sought the side of Rosetta, with whom the honest fellow was deeply in love; and, though somewhat of a coquette, she could not hide from herself that his affection was very pleasant to her, indeed.

She was a tall, elegant-looking girl, and her deep mourning-dress became her well; so, Drift's brown, bright eyes roved over her with no small satisfaction. Her dress was of rich material, and somewhat elaborately trimmed, having down the front of the body and skirt large rosettes of crêpe; but near the bottom of the skirt there was a gap where one was missing—a circumstance that did not escape Drift's keen, nautical glance.

His eye fixed itself, curiously, on the vacant spot, and then reverted to Rosetta's face.

"That's a main fine gown, lass," he whispered; "you look, every inch, as much a born lady in it as Madame Bellerose herself would. Eh! but it's fine!"

Had the mastiff, in the castle-yard, suddenly barked forth a compliment on her toilet, Rosetta could not have been more astounded than at Drift's speech! For, praise her eyes, hair and figure as he might, it was the first time her dress had drawn forth such an observation from him. However, the before-mentioned spirit of coquetry raised its crested head within her, and spoke as follows:

"A pretty time to be thinking of dress, Mr. Drift! I didn't expect it of you; but men have no more feeling than—!" She stopped, at a loss for a simile.

When Drift had an object in view, he was not easily discouraged. He returned to the subject.

"Come, Rosie," he whispered, "don't be so precious hard on a chap. It's not often a man can turn his eyes from that face of yours to your gown; but see, lass, summat's wanting there!" and, with his brown finger, he daintily touched the vacant spot on the skirt.

Rosetta's eyes followed his gesture.

"So there is," she assented; "I hadn't any time to make up my mourning, so Madame Bellerose, she gave me this dress, and I haven't had a minute since that I could call my own to make a rosette to match the one that's gone. But things'll be settled down again after to-night."

A very curious expression passed over Drift's face, and he scrutinized the rosette nearest him, attentively. He nodded his head, once or twice, in a dreamy kind of way, stared blankly at the lights in the candelabrum for a couple of minutes, and then, without heeding Rosetta's look of indignant astonishment, turned slowly on his heel and left the apartment, without even glancing at her again.

Perhaps it was this conduct of her lover's that made Rosetta's tone more gracious than it had ever been before to Fram, as he joined her near the door, still clutching in the iron gr. of his grandmother, whose firm, energetic tread, and upright carriage, formed a strange contrast to his abject and faltering gait.

"You'd better stay here," said Rosetta, quite graciously, turning to Fram, as they reached the ante-room, "and dame can come with me."

Fram grinned, nodded, and sank down, or, rather, cowered, on a long divan, near the outer door, while Rosetta led the way to the apartments of Mrs. Bellerose, the exit of herself and Witch Tregar viewed with no small share of astonishment by the groups waiting in the ante-room.

As they reached the long corridor without, Dorion, or, as we shall now call him, Lord Rosclerra, advanced from the further end, in company with a very young man, shorter and much fairer than himself; with an agitated whisper of, "The prince, dame!" Rosetta drew back into the shadow, and endeavored, by a vigorous pull at her companion's muscular arm, to induce the latter to follow her example.

With a contemptuous jerk, Dame Tregar flung off the girl's hand, and strode forward, more directly into the light, placing herself exactly in her path as the two gentlemen advanced.

They were in earnest conversation, and did not observe her until they were close upon her. Raising his eyes, the prince was the first to perceive her.

The involuntary start and exclamation to which he gave vent, as her weird form met his gaze, seemed like a grateful tribute to the old woman, and a grim smile deepened the heavy gray lines round her mouth and eyes as she attentively regarded them, while poor Rosetta trembled in the background at her audacity in thus coolly barring the progress of Lord Rosclerra and his royal guest.

The prince touched Rosclerra on the arm.

"Whom have we here?" he said, as his host looked up, with a start.

Witch Tregar heard the question, and answered it herself.

"One as never thought to look on the royalty of England, young prince," she said, in her hoarse but deep and impressive voice. "Let the Witch of the Rocks look well on that brow as is one day to be seamed with a crown, though far and distant that time is yet."

She leant forward, and before Rosclerra could interpose, she laid her long, muscular fingers on the lad's shoulder, and turned him toward the full light. At this point, Rosclerra interposed, somewhat sternly.

"You forget yourself, Dame Tregar," he said. "I cannot have my guests annoyed thus, in my house. Proceed on your way, if you please."

As he spoke, he quietly drew her hand from the prince's shoulder, and pointed to the door.

A purplish flame shot into the woman's eyes, her face became rigid and horrible as that of a corpse, and slowly turning from the prince, she fixed her lurid and ghastly gaze on the young nobleman.

"Rosclerra," she said, in a tone so icily malignant that the blood of her hearers curdled in their veins, "you will live to rue the day you spoke those words to me."

Had she uttered the most violent and ferocious threats, they would have failed to convey the same idea of implacable hatred that these few words did; and a curious chill sent a shiver through Lord Rosclerra, as he strode away, followed by the terrified Rosetta.

In an instant he recovered himself, and turned to apologize to the prince.

"Pray, don't mention it," said the prince; and then added, thoughtfully, "A face and manner to remember all one's life!"

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

The Three Emperors at Berlin.

Our illustration represents the scene, on the night of the 7th inst., in the open place between the Schloss and the Lustgarten, when the united bandsmen of the several regiments of Prussian Guards, numbering 1,200 instrumentalists, were performing a monster serenade under the windows of the palace. They filled nearly the whole wide space, from the bridge over the River Spree, on the one hand, to the Dom or Cathedral, on the other. Light was supplied by fifty tall standard lamps of bronze erected for the occasion, with smaller lamps hung in festoons between them; but there was also a torchlight procession marching round the station of the bands, while Bengal lights were burnt on every side, and the electric light was displayed from the top of the palace when the music ceased. An immense crowd of hearers and spectators thronged the adjacent squares, streets and bridges. The performance began with the Austrian National Anthem, usually called "God Preserve the Emperor." This was followed by the "Alexander March," a piece composed in honor of the first Russian Emperor of that name, after the overthrow of the First Napoleon. The Tannhäuser March came next; then the Radetzky March, and the "Boshe Czarya Chirani" of Russia. In conclusion, the bands gave a tremendous "Zapfenstreich," the military music of the "Retreat," which is described as not very melodious, but monotonously sharp, "a perfect musical interpretation of the military spirit of Prussia."

"Relics of the Siege" at Paris.

A stranger walking through Paris for the first time since the siege would be struck by the peculiar form taken by those nondescript productions for which Paris is so famed, and with which, under the title of *articles de Paris*, half the shops on the Boulevards and in the Passages are filled. The Parisian was always famed for the elegant grotesqueness of his work, and certainly cannot be equaled in his fantastic ideas of what should be the correct shape for clocks, vases, candelabra, card-plates, and the thousand-and-one other articles, useful and useless, which may be included under the head of "drawing-room nick-nacks." Now, however, he has struck out a new line, and, having evidently imbibed a taste for the warlike in fighting against the Prussians, he produces everything in the shape of a shell, a Prussian helmet, the Vendôme Column, or some other reminder of *la guerre* and its consequences. Thus, you go to one jeweler, and are offered a scarf-pin, with a morsel of the *pain du siège* carefully set in crystal; another who wants to buy a ring made out of rifle-bullets, and inscribed, "Défense de Paris, 1870-71;" while earrings and charms are devoted to golden and jeweled imitations of those deadly iron missiles with which M. Bismarck so bountifully pelted Paris last year. Do you want an inkstand, you are proffered half a shell, "picked up in such or such a street, parole d'honneur, M'sieur." A paper-weight and a match-box are similar "relics of the siege." In fact, a shell and bullet epidemic seems to have broken out amongst everything. A clock is placed in the middle of a huge "Krup;" a smaller shell forms the base of a two-branched candelstick; a portion of a rounder missile, supported on four rifle-bullets, makes a card-plate; while a Prussian *pickelhaube*, placed spike downward on a stand, is the most fashionable waste-paper basket you can have.

Prince Arthur at Leeds.

The foundation-stone of the new Leeds Exchange was laid by Prince Arthur, September 20th ult. A chair of state, decorated in blue and gold, was placed for his Royal Highness. Mr. Nussey read an address, in which the manufacturing and commercial industries of Leeds were briefly described, and the progress of the town, within the present century, from a population of 54,000 to more than a quarter of a million. It was further explained that, since the Commercial Buildings had lately been taken down, where the merchants and manufacturers used to find a place of resort, the proposed Exchange was to be erected for that purpose, adjacent to the site of the ancient Castle near Boar Lane; no trace of the Castle is left. Prince Arthur replied to the directors' address, complimenting the town upon its thriving trade and wealth, as well as its charitable and useful institutions. He then took from Mr. Nussey the ornamental silver-gilt trowel and ivory mallet, with which he performed the customary rites of architectural benediction, and the stone was declared to be well and truly laid.

The Final Award of the Geneva Arbitration.

The court where the arbitrators met is a large, red, thoroughly municipal room. Desks extend in a semicircle to the right and left of the doorway, with a raised desk in the centre. Count Sclopis, a large stout man, with head thrown back and hands in the pockets of his ample trowsers, sits with his back to the windows in the middle of the arbitrators, who are all seated in the semicircle to the right. Behind them are the Conseil d'Etat of Geneva, clad in deep official black, and opposite are the wives and friends of the Court. In the centre of the room, around a large balze-covered table, are seated the Counsel. Sir Roundell Palmer looks a quiet, shrewd lawyer, with a face eminently religious and moral. Mr. Montague Bernard is silent and thoughtful. Mr. Evarts, with an ideally intellectual, and thoroughly American face, looks happy; he has achieved a successful piece of work. Then comes General Cushing, a man full of ability and knowledge, yet who esteems a good dinner a joke; then Mr. Bancroft Davis, a tall, handsome, broad-shouldered, light-eyed, gray-bearded man; then Mr. Adams, with a placid, florid, Anglo-American face. Staempfli is like Bismarck, a quiet, attentive, strong face; Baron Itajuba, a small, shrewd man. The President now rises and tells of the labors of the Court, and then, M. Favrot, the Secretary, reads the award in English. The President next delivers to Mr. Davis and Lord Tenterden a copy of the

award for their respective Governments, and then, after a kindly farewell speech, from beneath the windows the cannon thunder forth to Geneva that the Arbitration work is done.

Drinking the Waters at Baden-Baden.

The mineral springs of this locality were well known to, and appreciated by, the Romans, who planted a colony there, and gave it the name of "Civitas Aurelia Aquensis." The springs, thirteen in number, burst out of the rocks at the foot of the castle terrace. Their temperature is not affected by the seasons. The water is perfectly clear, has a faint animal smell, and a saltish taste, somewhat like weak broth. A handsome building, in form of a temple, is erected over the principal spring, besides which the water is conveyed by pipes to the different hotels.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE is 54.

GARIBOLDI calls Thiers the "Scourge of Humanity."

HENRI ROCHEFORT is again said to be dangerously ill.

MAINE has just admitted to practice its first lady lawyer.

MARSHAL BAZAINE's private fortune is estimated at 2,000,000 francs.

VICE-ADMIRAL TREHOUART is President of the Bazaine Court-martial.

FIVE THOUSAND laborers on the steamship docks in Liverpool are on strike.

THE SUM of 5,400,000 francs has still to be expended on the completion of the new Opera, Paris.

IT is said that Gambetta keeps two lodgings in Paris, one very aqualid and the other very luxurious.

PRINCE BISMARCK has been advised by his physician to retire from public life for the balance of the year.

THE Orléans Princes, De Joinville and Aniane, it is said, will resign their seats in the French Assembly.

JUDGE CURTIS, of San Francisco, is said to have received \$8,000 for his services in securing Mrs. Fair's acquittal.

GEORGE MACDONALD walks or drives out every day at Boston, wearing a Scotch bonnet and the insignia of his clan.

THE operation of weighing the 500,000,000 francs just sent by the French Government to Germany lasted three days.

AMONG the suicides of the past week is Sir James Shaw Willis, one of the Judges of the English Court of Common Pleas.

THE King of Denmark has appointed the Prussian General Blumenthal a Commander of the Order of the Dannebrog.

THIERS and Guizot are the only Frenchmen who still cling to the white hat which was fashionable in France 50 years ago.

PLANTAMOUR, the comet man, is in Paris. He now thinks that the people of this world will all be frozen to death about 2011.

KHÉDIVE ISMAIL, of Egypt, has a snug income of \$50,000 a year, on which to support his newly-acquired brevet kingship.

THE Unitarians of Chicago have resolved to erect a chapel as a memorial to the wife of Robert Laird Collier, recently deceased.

A VERY old Hebrew manuscript of portions of the Old Testament has been discovered in Cairo by Dr. Grant, of the American Mission.

MR. P. S. GILMORE will receive the entire proceeds of the Ball, in his honor and for his benefit, on October 23d, at the Boston Coliseum.

A DISPATCH from the East announces that the railway between Yokohama and Jeddo, Japan, has been formally opened by the Mikado.

ENGLAND is making herself unhappy about the bill for telegraphing in connection with the Geneva business. It amounts to \$400,000.

THE Mayor and Postmaster of Scranton, Pa., have been arrested on a charge of ballot-box stuffing and bribery during the late election.

MISS VIOLETTA COLVILLE was presented with a coronet of gold and gems, valued at \$1,500, on the occasion of her recent *début*, at St. Anna, Italy.

THE greatest grief and affection for the late King of Sweden have been universally displayed by the population of the two countries over which he reigned.

PRESIDENT THIERS has ordered Colonel Stoffel, whose secret report from Berlin attracted so much attention during the war, to be dismissed from the French Army.

SENATOR PATTERSON, of New Hampshire, will not assume the Presidency of the Ohio Agricultural College until after the expiration of his Congressional term, next Spring.

BERGERET, the Communist chief, who was sentenced to death by the court martial at Versailles, it is said in Paris, is now teaching French in New York under an assumed name.

LATE advices from Paris report Senator Sumner worse, and his symptoms more alarming than when he left America. A consultation of eminent physicians was called to examine his case.

PRINCE NICHOLAS, of Montenegro, has sent a telegraphic dispatch to the Sultan promising to punish those of his subjects who recently had an encounter with a party of Turks at Leposa.

COUNT VON ARNIM, First Secretary of the German Legation, has resigned from Washington, and is to be succeeded by Count Andreas Bernstorff, son of the German Ambassador in London.

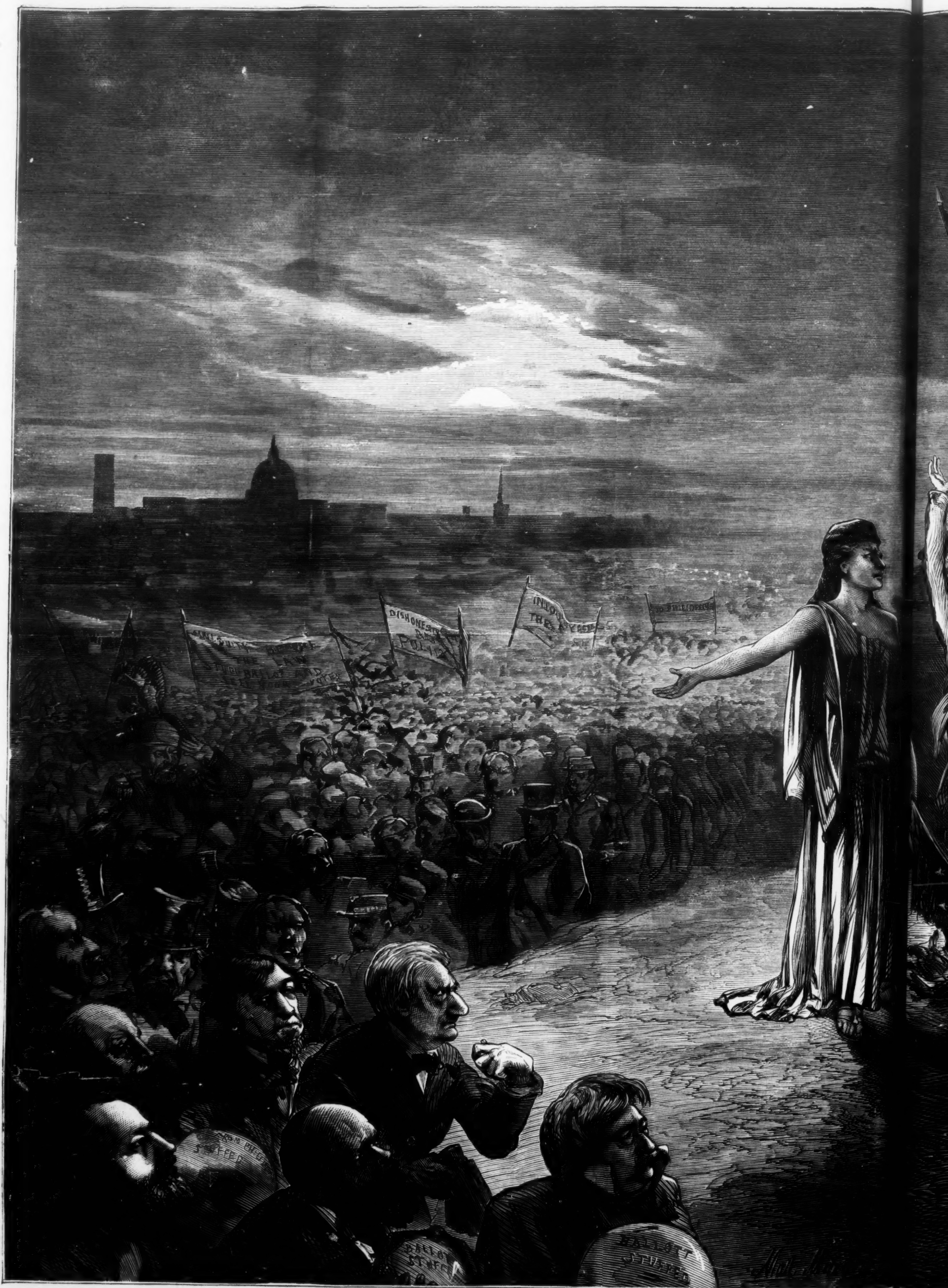
FOR 20 years prior to the overthrow of Louis Napoleon, in 1871, every human ailment was attributed to him by Paris correspondents. Now that he is really sick, no one takes any notice of him.

It is said that over 100 students are now employed at Jeddo, in codifying and simplifying the Japanese characters, with a view of adapting them to the representation of sounds used in foreign languages.

THE "King of the Dogs" has recently died in Paris. He was an ironmonger, and being once bitten by a mad dog, after the wound was cauterized and healed he always took a strange fancy to stray canines.

DR. ROUSSEAU, a miser in Paris, has just died, leaving about \$12,000 a year—which goes to his janitor and cook. He was such a wretched object to see, that charitable persons often slipped money into his hands.

OREGON proposes to dispense with grand juries. There has been considerable dissatisfaction with this system of indictment, especially throughout the West; but no effective substitute seems yet to have been devised.



Is not this state of things enough to cause the Fathers of the Republic

SHALL T

THING

from the



THINGS BE?

from their graves to protest against the iniquity and folly of the hour?

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

ONWARD!

ARE you weary of the contest, when striving for the right?
Say, is this a time to falter, O men of moral might—
To hurl our starry banner from the glory of the light,
Because a star is dim?

Pause not to ask the question, if Right shall yet prevail;
Believe the glorious promise, that Truth can never fail;
And rally for the onset—no matter for the gale!
It waits our banner on!

Have you fought like wrestling giants, where war's black thunder rolled,
To halt, with bated breathing, when the foe is overbold
In his sowing and his reaping the plunder of our gold?
Fear you the thing they steal?

Must we tamely stand inactive, like cowards over-awed,
While Sin is boldly sending its cohorts all abroad,
With weapons weak and rusted, and dulled with open fraud?
Say, will you tamely stand?

The last behest of justice, your own firm valor gave,
War swept from off the Nation the very name of slave,
And left within her bosom for each an answering grave.
For each a life was paid.

Those graves upon the hillsides, go count them if you can,
There lies the solemn tribute that valor pays to man.
The dearest, the grandest, since nations first began—
Salvation wrought in death.

There in sad and awful silence each warrior dumbly lies,—
He gave the black man freedom—strive you to make him wise;
For his ignorance is thralldom and bondage in disguise.
Unchain his trammelled mind!

There is written out a promise, that men shall all be free—
A falsehood to the martyr dead—a fraud on liberty.
The negro is enfranchised. The white man, where is he?
Beneath the iron heel.

That for which our warriors perished, your courage shall command.
Close up the ranks then bravely—shoulder to shoulder stand;
Seize Fraud as they did Treason, then fight it hand to hand.
Shall serpents creep or die?

By our great immortal future—by our valor in the past—
Fling out that starry banner, keep it squarely to the blast;
Hoist high that stout old flagstaff, and grip it to the last.
Thus victory is won.

PHEMIE FROST.

HARD LUCK.

BY

C. SHACKELFORD.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—HOLDING UP MY HEAD.

IT was quite early in the day, a little after eight o'clock, if I remember correctly, when, having finished my breakfast, I started with a quick, elastic tread and as light a heart as a man ever carried, for the dear old store of Verity & Co. The streets were full of bustling people; the warm May sun put vigorous life into men's bodies as well as their natures. I felt like a boy eager for a frolic, so happy was I to again tread the streets of the city from which I had been exiled for what seemed to me years of duration. If I had had the power of magic I would have transformed my life for a brief hour into a frisky newsboy, such as I used to be, yelling, scrambling, rolling in the dust, or racing down the street for custom.

It was the wild spirit of vagabondage that came upon me, as I strode along, delirious with a feeling of personal liberty, a wild joy that my fugitive life was ended. The old place looked as natural as ever, and, standing in the doorway, out of sight of passers-by, I could not resist the temptation to take off my hat and wave it above my head in silent rejoicing over my return to active life.

There were no familiar faces in the store as I entered. A strange clerk, busied in arranging trays of rings in the show-case, looked up as I stood in front of him, and then sulkily down again, as if angry with me for getting between him and the sunlight.

"Is Mr. Penn in?" I inquired, dreading to offend this new divinity of the place, whose white, beardless face, delicate hands, and well-oiled hair, parted in the middle, made him appear like a compromise between the sexes.

Again, at this, he raised his head, jerked his arm into sight, and with a short gesture sideways, in which his thumb pointed to the office, he said, with snappish solemnity of voice: "In there!" and bowed himself again to his herculean task.

I did not knock at the office-door, but softly opened it, intending to surprise my dear old Jacob, who might be musing there in his familiar way.

An elderly gentleman, in a dark-blue suit, sat reading a paper. The bridge of his nose supported a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles. Neatly-trimmed side-whiskers mounted his wrinkled but ruddy cheeks, while his forehead had an additional story through the lack of hair in that region. A splendid-looking old gentleman he was who sat there. As I entered, he brought down his chin, so that he looked at me over his glasses.

"I beg your pardon," I said, seeing nobody there but the stranger. "I was looking for Mr. Penn."

At this the gentleman, after regarding me

for half a minute, dropped his paper, sprang to his feet with the agility of a boy, and came at me shaking his fist in wild gesticulation.

"Why, you rascally vagabond, I've a good notion to shake the life out of you, for giving me the biggest scare of my life! But I won't. No! I won't, my dear boy. I'll only—" He ended the sentence by catching both of my hands in his, and shaking them with a vigor very expressive of joy. "Don't you know me—forgotten me?"

It certainly was Mr. Penn's voice, and his nose and mouth and eyes began to assume a familiar look, but he was such a fine-looking gentleman in his air and dress, that I was awed by the unexpected majesty of his appearance, and afraid to do what I had intended—put my arms around his neck, and tell him that in all my life that moment was the happiest. But I shook back with all my enthusiasm and strength, until he showed signs of exhaustion, and I told him over and over again how glad I was to see him, and how surprised, too, at the remarkable change for the better in his appearance.

"What a horrible-looking fellow I must have been!" he said, when he had an opportunity to catch his breath. "Don't apologize; I know you meant to be complimentary, and I am tickled to hear your praise. Annie—my wife—thank you! she's very well. Annie says, no one ever had an idea of what material I was made until she plucked off the roughness, and put on a fine polish. I tell her it's travel, good clothes, a light conscience and a sensible wife, that made me respectable."

"I am delighted that you feel so well. I am proud to know you, Mr. Penn."

"Mr. Penn! What does that mean? Ain't I the same old Jacob who's toiled you around many a time, and grown up with you, eh?"

"Why, of course you are. But I can't be familiar with you now, sir, you know."

"You can't? That's ingratitude! I am not high and mighty, Ralph, and you'll hurt me cruelly if you go to calling me Mr. Penn, with, May I do this? and May I do that? I'll make me think you're not the boy I've tried to care for so many years."

"Well! well! Jacob—if you'll permit it—we'll be formal in public, because it ought to be so between proprietor and clerk."

"Clerk, eh?" said Mr. Penn. "We'll see about that, too! Not now, though; sit down there, my boy! There'll be no one here for half an hour. Tell me about this trouble, and how you got back here. Begin where I left off."

I told the whole story, down to that minute. "Well! well!" he exclaimed, "that beats anything I ever heard of. Touter didn't give me the half of that fraud. I must say I have a sort of admiration for that precious rascal, Fimkin. I can't help it. He tries such big jobs, and is so cool and pitiless and finished, in his operations. How he hates you! But I'll warm him. I'll deal with him as I well know how to do," he said, angrily pounding his knee with his fist. "If I catch sight of him once, into jail he goes and stays. But never mind that now. When I came and found you mysteriously missing, I raised a rumpus, and in less than a week had men after you. What made you run? But I'm not going to blame you, boy; I'm only too glad to get you back again. There comes Verity. Stay about here, and we'll go home to dinner and finish our talk. Good-morning, Mr. Verity. Here is our—our lost clerk, Mr. Verity."

That gentleman was surprisingly warm in his greeting, drew up his chair, and insisted on hearing an account of my troubles.

When that was over, and I went out into the store, there was great-hearted Touter nervously waiting to shake me to pieces and to hear my story. Before I had half finished, Jacob swooped down upon me, and carried me away to Mrs. Penn and the house—a modest stone edifice in a big yard on the outskirts of the city, and to and from which my old friend journeyed in his own conveyance.

It was a day of surprises, for I did not know the handsomely dressed and fine-looking middle-aged lady who came into the parlor, until Jacob cried out:

"You're at it again, are you, Ralph? Where's your memory and your manners? Here's Mrs. Penn, sir, and dying to see you."

But when I put out my hand and began to apologize to Mrs. Penn, the impulsive Annie Gamage of my childhood did not hesitate a second, but put a hand each side of my face and gave me a sweet motherly kiss, much to the delight of her husband. The good woman of forty odd was unchanged in her warm, earnest affection for me.

"You're our boy anyhow," she began, "because Jacob and I took as good care as we could of you when you were little more than a baby, and have kept it up ever since. Nobody in the world has any better right to call you 'our boy,' though you are a man."

"That they haven't," Mr. Penn said, in support.

"I didn't have a chance, when Jacob and I were married, to tell you a great many things I wanted to tell you then, but which are old now."

"No! neither of you told me that you were engaged. That was a slight," I laughed.

"Engaged!" said Penn. "How could we? Bless your heart, my boy, we were engaged when you came to Mrs. Blegg's. But I was bound to make enough to live on, and so went a-voyaging. It was lucky speculations here and there that gave me money enough to put in with Mr. Chadberry and Mr. Chadberry did it for me—this partnership. The best man I ever knew, Ralph," said Penn, softly; "and I cried like a baby when I found he was dead. He wanted me to come out plain and bold as a partner. 'No, no!' I said, and stuck to it. 'It'll hurt the trade to have such a rough-looking, unlearned man as I selling goods to fine ladies. I'll watch and do the hard work,' and so I did."

"I'll witness that for one night," I said, exultingly.

"Ah! that saved you, Master Ralph," said Penn, slyly. "I'm proud of that—very proud."

"Well, you are married at last, and, I can see, are happy. There's your reward," I said.

"But it comes late—it comes late, when we are getting old," sighed Mrs. Penn. "Still, it can't be helped. We are thankful for what we have, and must live as much as we can in a short space of time."

They had hardly begun to tell of their journey when dinner was announced. We sat long at the table, going over our days at Chester, my life in the circus, and events that followed each other in quick succession thereafter, until Jacob announced the fact that he was hungry for a smoke, and, as Mrs. Penn didn't use the weed, she'd be obliged to forego our society for a while. So we adjourned to Penn's little study, lit our cigars, and I was just seating myself, when Penn abruptly demanded:

"Where's your luggage?"

"What I've had lately is at the hotel. I've not yet had time to hunt me up a boarding-place."

"Hunt you up a boarding-place!" almost shouted Mr. Penn, putting his cigar upon the little marble-top table and turning to confront me. "You are forbidden to do it; you will come here, live here, and have this for your home. Talk about any other place!" and he tucked the cigar between his teeth, and puffed vigorously and silently for a minute.

"But, Mr. Penn, I cannot think for an instant of living—"

"Not another word!" he cried, warningly. "It shall be as I say, or we'll quarrel. We've no one else here, and this house is big enough for a dozen. When we go down-town this afternoon, you are to get your baggage and come here."

From this he suddenly branched off to the story of my troubles, commenting in strong words upon the character of all concerned. When his cigar began to warm the end of his nose, he tossed it out the window and said:

"I want my nap, Ralph."

"Very good, sir," I answered; "go ahead! I'll sit over there in the corner, where I'll not be likely to disturb you."

"That's considerate, my boy. Help yourself to another smoke and a book. If you want to snooze, don't wait for an invitation."

He stretched himself out comfortably in his huge easy-chair. After, perhaps, five minutes' idleness, during which Jacob began to purr loudly through his nose, it chanced that I thrust my hand into one of my coat-pockets, and found Arthur Flynn's report, tucked there hurriedly the night before, and almost forgotten. Softly tearing open the envelope, so as not to wake the sleeper, I drew therefrom a letter of many closely-written pages, which quite surprised me, as I could not imagine what my representative could find in the town of Yule that would be of further interest to me, as Jacob had told me there was now but one man in pursuit of me, whom he had not yet been able to reach with countermarching orders. In the excitement and release from a state of apprehension, I had almost forgotten my fleeting double; yet here he had sent in a report of unusual length, which, at least, excited my curiosity, and I at once turned my thoughts to its perusal, little thinking of what momentous importance the whole communication would prove for me, revolutionizing my life by most astounding revelations.

CHAPTER XL.—UNBURYING THE DEAD.

WHILE Mr. Penn slept peacefully in his easy-chair, I began to read the letter, which, to my consternation, was written from Chester—of all spots in the world, the last I cared to have my counterfeited visit; yet, against such a visit I had said nothing, not thinking it likely to be made. The report read thus:

DEAR GOLDANT—My last communication was from Yule; but that interview of mine with Trimmer—an account of which I gave you—together with a subsequent one, started me for this town as fast as stage and cars could carry me. This journey, I may premise, has been made in my own interests, but, as certain facts have been gathered relative to yourself, and of which it is possible you may be ignorant, I have thought it judicious to give you an outline of my proceedings.

The bitter hatred which this sullen villain of a Trimmer cherishes toward Captain Fimkin unlocked his lips sufficiently to let out a secret about the man, of which I have been disposed to avail myself.

I arrived here in the night, and went to bed early, like an honest man, in the old and only tavern here. The next day, in the course of my investigations, I made the acquaintance of a Mrs. Blegg, a sharp, energetic, irrepressible woman, who keeps, as I was informed, the best boarding-house in the town, and with whom I secured board. My purpose in doing this was principally to obtain, in some way, a clue to the present residence or address of Captain Fimkin. It was not long before I discovered she was one of the very persons whose acquaintance was a necessary part of my programme of action; and, as soon as politeness would warrant, I asked the first question. The only evidence that she heard and understood me, was a steady stare from her sharp eyes, as if she were trying to read my thoughts.

"If I knew what you ask me," she began, in a shrill, quick way of speaking, "I would not tell you till I knew who you are. As I don't know, I cannot tell you."

Notwithstanding this rebuff, I was impolite enough to believe she was trying to deceive me, though I took good care not to express the opinion. I tried another tack.

"I came down here, partly to look for an old acquaintance from the city, Captain Fimkin. Have you heard of his being here?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know him?"

"No, sir."

Now, this was a falsehood, uttered either by

Trimmer, who had told me she was his cousin, or by Mrs. Blegg, who so emphatically denied his acquaintance. I changed the conversation, but she skillfully parried every feint I made. I then walked to the tavern, to see what I might discover there.

"Who kept this house about nineteen years ago?" I asked.

"My father, sir. There he sits."

Approaching the old man, I asked him if he remembered the death of a gentleman by the explosion of an anvil, about nineteen years ago, on one Fourth of July.

"Oh, yes! I remember it. The man stopped at this house the night before his death."

"Can you remember his name?"

"I never knew it. No one knew it. He had a little boy with him. Mrs. Blegg had him for several years, until he ran away. 'Spect the little fellow had a hard time of it."

"Is that all you know?"

"That is all."

"Do you know a Captain Fimkin?"

"Yes, as the biggest rascal out of jail," angrily ejaculated the old man. "He's a swindler, and an uncommon big one. Don't tell anybody you know him, if you want to be civilly treated."

"Is he here now?"

"I don't know. When he's out of jail and idle, he usually comes to Mrs. Blegg's for a vacation."

"Is he out of jail now, do you know?"

"I presume not, as I haven't seen him lately."

Satisfied more than ever that Mrs. Blegg knew what I wanted to know, I approached her again the next day.

"You must pardon me, Mrs. Blegg, for asking you a question or two yesterday, without giving any reason for doing so. I am a lawyer, and engaged in settling an estate in which, so far as I can trace him, the man who was killed here one Fourth of July, many years ago, by the bursting of an anvil, had a very large interest. What is required is, to establish his identity. To do this, I need the assistance of Captain Fimkin, who was here at the time. A large reward is offered for information that will enable us to prove the identity."

Mrs. Blegg shook her head, as she looked at me steadily and, I think, doubtfully.

"I don't think I can help you," she finally remarked.

"Perhaps you will tell me what became of the dead man's little boy, whom you had for several years?" I observed.

"Perhaps I will not," she curtly replied.

"Is money no inducement in these matters?"

"You have had my answer, Mr. Fyatt."

After her reply, I had no inclination to make further inquiry. Indeed, there seemed to be no use. Mrs. Blegg was certainly the key to the problem I sought to solve. If she declined to act, I could not find any help for it—unless I could meet the captain, and try to influence him. But he evidently was not to be met, save through the co-operation of Mrs. Blegg, to whom any sort of consideration seemed an insult. If I were to strike the trail I sought, it would be essential to begin at some other point. In the effort I was making, success was of vital importance. Paying that evening my bill at Mrs. Blegg's, who received the money with ill-concealed surprise, I went back to the tavern, disheartened by my failure, yet determined to make one more effort.

As the stage did not start for the little village I desired to reach until quite late in the morning, I left my satchel to be sent by it, and, a little after sunrise, began the journey on foot, as much for the exercise as anything else, the distance not being great.

In these country towns the people go to bed and rise with the sun, like fowls, and die early with miasmatic fevers and rheumatic knots. Plenty of persons were already up and on the streets and in their gardens. Being a stranger, some of them regarded me curiously, and so boldly that I often turned defiantly to give them the parting look. I now remember that twice I saw two men strolling leisurely behind me at a distance, one of them each side of the street, and one far in the rear of the other.

At the moment it did not occur to me that there was anything suspicious in their presence at that hour, so I stepped out gayly, whistling as I went, and giving no heed to those in the rear. Once on the highway, I moved rapidly along, enjoying the sights and sounds of an early Autumn morning, yet thinking intently on the purpose of my undertaking. A curve in the road brought me into a little grove, and being warm and somewhat tired, I threw myself down on the turf to rest. I do not think five minutes had elapsed before there rushed around the curve a man in his shirt-sleeves, a shambling, loose-jointed fellow, wearing side-whiskers. As he came closer I saw his face—sharp-featured, treacherous and cruel. His eyes were his peculiarity, being dark-brown in color, glassy, showing a good deal of their white, and, oddest of all, being almond-shaped. By the stout cane he carried, I recognized him as being the nearest of the two men who had been on the street in Chester. He was in reach of me by the time I had regained my feet.

"You infernal Jesuitical rascal!" he cried, huskily, puffing with exertion, and brandishing his stick in the air close to my head, "I've got you alone at last, have I?"

"What do you mean, sir?" I demanded, backing off as he advanced. "I haven't the slightest idea who you are, as I never saw you before."

"What an infernal liar you are, Goldant! I know you haven't forgotten Captain Fimkin, any more than he has forgotten you. Come! you've been prying around town, offering money to find out where I was. You think you can arrest me, perhaps. Here I am; try to take me!" and he rolled up his shirt-sleeves, one after the other, in a second.

"But you are mistaken. I am not Goldant, if I have wanted to see you. Listen to reason."

"Listen to fiddlesticks!" he cried, catching up

his cane and advancing. "You're a vile coward, to deny your name to me, who have kept track of you for most twenty years, and for good reasons, too. I've watched you for two days in Chester, and know what you were after."

"I tell you, you are mistaken, captain." He laughed a harsh, forced laugh, at the same time advancing upon me, I retreating. At that instant I noticed my course was directly into the wood, and so tried to turn toward the road again.

"I came after you to thrash you," he said, as he forced me further back from the highway; but now that I have you here, the memory of how your father persecuted me, and my thirst for revenge, together with this mark you gave me," touching his forehead between the eyes, "compel me to change my mind. I am going to kill you, now that I have a good chance."

"Listen!" I begged, for I thought of the fact that I was unarmed. "I am not Goldant. I never saw you until this hour. Don't murder me without cause."

He emitted another of his heartless laughs at my pleading, and struck at me three or four times.

I caught up a small limb of a tree, but it was old and decayed, and he broke it at a blow. I got behind trees for shelter, but he drove me from them. I then started to run, but, overtaking me, he gave my left arm a blow that rendered it useless, and nearly crazed me with pain. I cried loud and long for help, and by a sudden whirl dashed past him for the road, shouting loudly as I ran. It was a hopeless race for life, with that merciless assassin at my heels, raining blows upon my arms and back, yet never reaching my head with a stroke sufficient to stun me, though twice he sent me reeling forward.

At last my foot caught in a vine, and I plunged headlong to the ground, and over me stumbled and fell my pursuer. I was on him in a second, my right hand to his throat. Like a man of steel, he rose to his feet, though I clung to him like a mastiff, and beat me with his heavy cane and fist, till I loosed my hold, and dropped like a stone, utterly exhausted, giddy, faint. At this moment, a deep, coarse voice shouted:

"Stop!"

"I'll not stop for the dead or the living," said the captain, and he swung his stick over his shoulder, while I, now thoroughly frightened and despairing of help from certain death, closed my eyes that I might not see my executioner nor the descent of the blow.

Suddenly the sharp crack of a pistol rang out upon the air, and with a yell and quick uplifting of the arms, Captain Finkin reeled to and fro, then settled down to the earth, a limp, motionless mass, his arms thrown forward, and the face downward.

"That was a neat shot, and settles old scores," muttered the deep voice back of me, when almost instantly appeared from the road two men, who had heard the sounds and hastened to the spot. The marksman came forward to face them, when there was revealed to me for the first time the ruffianly countenance of Thomas Trimmer, of the town of Yule. An exclamation of surprise escaped me. He was the man who had lagged so far behind, as I walked pleasantly away from Chester, a half-hour before.

"What's the meaning of this?" demanded one of the men.

"It means that the fellow there was trying to kill me, and that this man saved my life in the only way possible—by killing him," I said.

"Which is a quite correct statement," growled Trimmer. "Now, if one of you men'll tell the Sheriff in Chester what's happened, you'll save time and trouble, and much oblige us. We'll wait here. Are you much hurt, mister?"

"I think my arm's broken. I know my shoulders and back are terribly bruised."

The two men were now some distance away, when Trimmer suddenly asked:

"You remember what I told you at Yule?"

I nodded.

"Well, I thought you were after him, detective-like; so, when you went off so sudden, I took the liberty of keeping you in sight. It was while I was a followin' of you this mornin' that I was mighty tickled to see him come between us," and he touched the body with his foot in a contemptuous way.

"You sent me to death in the quarry—as you exposed, old teller. Now I've stopped your time-piece, and with the law on my side. There never was a puttier bit of poppin'!" and he stuck his hands in his pockets, and leered down upon the villain in a way that would have done your heart good to see.

"I never saw the man before to-day, Trimmer," I said; "yet, he seemed to think he knew me. I don't fancy being murdered because I happen to look like some one else."

"'Tis kind of dangerous to fight the captain, 'specially when you don't know it. He's darter than a bullet. You see, he was a darter, and he was a pretty darter."

"I don't care for that, anyhow," I said, as he paused. "I continued, pointing to the body."

"See!" I said, as he stepped back and pulling down his clothing showed two wounds in the right arm. "By heaven, his heart beats!" He made a dash for his revolver.

"No chance!" I cried. "Don't kill a man when he's down like this!"

Trimmer growled, and put away his weapon.

Looking toward the highway, I saw a large party of men approaching on foot, and in wagons. They ran on to us like wolves, and crossed the road. A party was ordered, when it was found a surgeon was wanted. The crowd gathered. He examined the wounded man, and said:

"He's a good fellow; the man isn't dead. The chances for recovery are good."

They then put in into a conveyance; and

drove back to town, leaving me at the tavern. Trimmer in jail, while the captain was taken to Mrs. Blegg's, where he will be in custody until able to be removed.

From this account, you will see, my dear Goldant, that I'm in a pretty kettle of fish. My arm isn't broken, however, as I at first feared, but is so badly hurt as to force me to carry it in a sling, while I am so covered with bruises, that I can barely crawl, and so must stay here for a few days.

Now that Finkin is in a tight place, I propose to have him tell what I want to know. I need hardly say the sympathy of the people is all with me in this affair. The grudge nourished against you by this ruffian captain seems to be of such a kind as to make the taking of your life a matter of no consequence. I fail to comprehend why this enmity should be the result of a cause apparently unknown to any one else than himself.

But I hope to unravel the mystery ere long, to your benefit and my understanding.

Very respectfully, ARTHUR FLYNT.

Appendix.—Having read over this letter, I discover an omission on my part—unintentional, I assure you—to state why I left Yule without informing you, and to give my purpose in coming here. I don't think I have told you I am fatherless. Anyhow, I give that fact now as a basis for my movement.

My father suddenly disappeared, I am told, when I was in my third year, and has not since been heard from, though large rewards were offered for information. But about this disappearance there appears to be facts which apparently my mother has not wished to make known to me, and which I, out of regard for her feelings, have not tried to ascertain by inquiry. I have sought in many ways to find him myself, but unavailingly. I am ever on the lookout for evidence of the identity of unknown parties who die suddenly or violently, thinking to run across a clue to my father. But I have always failed.

When I encountered Trimmer, and heard his bit of a story, which I have previously given you, it came into my mind, like a presentiment, that this Captain Finkin had the clue I sought.

Even now, adding what Trimmer said to succeeding developments and statements, I am confident this villain Finkin holds knowledge that I shall be too glad to get at a good sum. That is what I came here for, and what I shall stay here for, as long as there is a prospect of that captain recovering so as to speak to me rationally. But there are certain items of information of which I am ignorant, and I wish, as a great favor, you would run up to Lakeville, see my dear mother, and get from her the knowledge I ask for in the inclosed note. I have already given you her address. I trust you will try and help me in this affair, my dear Goldant. I feel in my bones that I am on the road to a discovery that will settle this most distressing uncertainty which has afflicted me for so long a time. Spare me for a little while from your employment, for this purpose; afterward, I shall be, more than ever, your devoted servant, ARTHUR FLYNT.

Absorbed in this unlooked-for happening to my double, I forgot my surroundings, and that Jacob Penn was sleeping soundly in his chair, and so burst out with:

"Why, of course I'll help you!"

The manuscript on my knees, at this demonstration of enthusiasm, fell to the floor with a loud swishing noise, and awoke Mr. Penn.

"What—what's the matter?" he asked, starting to his feet, rubbing his eyes, and pushing back his hair in a wild way. "I must have been asleep," solemnly soliloquized the old gentleman.

"I rather think you were, Jacob."

"But what awoke me? What's the matter with you?"

"Nothing alarming, Mr. Penn. I have just finished reading the report of my double. Something extraordinary odd has occurred to him. Want to hear it?"

"Yes, soon's as I'm awake."

I gathered up the fallen pages, and by the time they were arranged for reading, Jacob was all attention and eagerness. While I read the letter he made no comments, save little grunts of surprise now and then, as some incident more startling than the rest was narrated.

When it was concluded, I said:

"Mr. Penn, what do you think of it?"

"My boy, I haven't had time to think much about it."

"Well, it's mixed, isn't it?"

"I should say it was. A bothersome tangle, my boy. But your double, as you call him, is getting pretty badly used, eh?"

"Yes; but he's one of the kind to fight it out, and will stay until he gets what he wants, I dare say."

"Hain't you better go to Chester and help him?"

"I'm afraid that would spoil matters; besides, I must see his mother, you know."

"Of course. Well, time's up, and we must get back to the store. Mrs. Penn will accompany us."

"There's one question, Jacob. I've wanted to ask, but haven't had a chance, and that is—How safe am I?"

"You're as safe as I am. You ran from a shadow, lad. Why, they didn't even know your name until Finkin (or Gost) sent it in. I presented the matter properly to the companies, and they said at once they would not prosecute or make trouble, as there was no guilt."

"I might just as well have been guilty. I've suffered as much, almost, as if I had been."

"I don't want to scold, my boy, but I think you were a little too scared. Why didn't you go to a lawyer, or Mr. Verity, or—Ah! ready Mrs. Penn? Will you be her escort, my boy? Maybe you'll have a wife yourself some day, and now you can practice a little gallantry on us old folks."

So I joyfully offered Mrs. Penn my arm, and conducted her down the stairs to the street,

and into their carriage. A minute later, happy as children, we went jogging down-town, drawn by a horse the weight of whose dinner was far greater, apparently, than the burden he drew.

"Now you'd better take the nag and go at once to Mrs. Flynt's," said Penn, when the store was reached. "Annie wants to shop a little, and you'll have that errand of Flynt's off your mind."

Agreeing with him, I turned the horse's head in the direction of Mrs. Flynt's residence.

(To be continued.)

MR. FROUDE AT THE LOTOS.

THE members of the Lotos Club, of New York city, have distinguished themselves of late by a series of generous receptions to European visitors, prominent in lyric and literary circles.

A most fitting testimonial to personal worth was the hearty greeting given James Anthony Froude at the Club House, on Saturday evening, October 12th. The splendid parlors were crowded with invited guests, representing journalism, the stage, the pulpit, national and city governments, and the law.

Mr. Froude entered the building about ten o'clock, and was met by Whitelaw Reid, Esq., President of the Club, who formally tendered him the hospitalities and good wishes of the members and guests. Mr. Froude's reply was brief and pointed. Addresses were then made by the Hon. John Bigelow, late United States Minister to France; Mr. Edmund Yates, the English novelist; the Hon. James Brooks; General McDowell, commanding this military department; Dr. Eggleston, Mayor Hall, Mr. S. J. Tilden, and others.

The reception proper being concluded, the company repaired to the Club Restaurant, and partook of refreshments.

On returning to the parlor, several prominent gentlemen of the stage dropped in, and participated in the general expression of good-humor. John Brougham delivered a highly amusing address, which elicited marks of hearty approval.

Mr. Froude remained in the parlors until about one o'clock, when he bade the gentlemen good-evening, and retired. Many members lingered until a later hour.

The receptions tendered by the Lotos Club have been unusually interesting, and were as unique as became the leading literary and theatrical club of the United States.

"AGNES."

THE NEW PLAY AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.

ORIGINALLY written for Miss Ethel, by M. Sardon, the well-known French dramatist, "Agnes" is decidedly one of the most properly modest of the French plays which have been introduced on our stage.

The scene which we this week select for illustration is the one in which the wife, Agnes, overhears her husband in his intended escape with the theatrical lady with whom he has already become entangled. As a drama, it is one of the best of its class, and more decorously represents the modern French stage than the "Camille" of Alexandre Dumas, Jr., the translation of which, by Matilda Heron, held the American Theatre for so many years. The part of the heroine, which is sustained by Miss Ethel, affords room for her delightful acting, and stamps her as one of the best of our leading actresses in this class of part. Nor should we be doing justice to the stage-management of Mr. Harkins did we omit to compliment him for the thoroughly elegant and satisfactory style in which the play has been mounted and brought out. Its success has been a justly deserved one, alike for the leading actress, the management, and M. Sardon.

PARISIAN SHOPKEEPERS.

IN Paris, the shopkeepers have the art of making the most of their wares, and always try to give their windows and showcases a new and attractive appearance every morning. This is not only the case with the most brilliant and costly goods, but even with those of trifling value. If a stranger expects to-morrow to recognize a shop by anything that he has seen in the window to-day, he will be greatly mistaken. Even the arrangement of the articles will be found to be different, and every effort made to render it more attractive than it was yesterday. They also add to the brilliancy of their establishment by the extensive use of looking-glasses, inserted in the walls, which multiply and magnify the stock, and make a small store appear large and commodious. There is scarcely a show-window in Paris that is not provided with side-glasses, so placed as to give the appearance of double the width which they really are. At night they have outside their windows a number of very brilliant reflectors, which cast a glare of light upon the tastefully arranged articles. This is especially the case in the colonnades of the Palais Royal, which is a favorite resort for strangers in Paris.

With the exceptions of the few large shops, such as Au Bon Marche, the Louvre, the La Paix, and Petit St. Thomas, which sell everything, the Parisian establishments are devoted to specialties in lace, silks, cloth, mourning goods, and even doll-babies, where naught else can be had. Houses for general dry-goods, such as are so abundant with us, do not exist. In the large establishments, there is a fixed price marked on all articles, from which they will in no case deviate. An American who purchases where the prices are not fixed must expect to pay one-third more than the regular prices, as there are few who will not take advantage of the stranger.

NEWS BREVITIES.

VERDI will pass the Winter at Naples.

BALTIMORE will make a public park of Federal Hill.

ECCENTRICITY in dress is the rage at present in Paris.

CASHMERE goats do better in California than in India.

THE Shanghai (China) Tramway Company is commencing work.

THE Woosung lighthouse, China, was lit up on the 1st of August.

ENGLAND is to have a grand national dog-show at Nottingham.

A HIGH Japanese dignitary is His Grace of Fifty-five Umbrellas.

COUNT ANDRASSY, Premier of Hungary, is to be made a Prince.

THE Northern Ohio Lunatic Asylum will be rebuilt immediately.

A RICH Turk recently gave \$30,000 for a beautiful Circassian girl.

THE University of Virginia is to have an agricultural department.

A NEW hospital for foreign patients has been opened at Peking, China.

TON BRINK, the German professor, is writing a history of English literature.

AN iron girder bridge, 1,300 feet long, has been built over the Nile, at Cairo.

THE Amherst boating men are organizing regattas on the Connecticut River.

THE ancient fort at St. Augustine, Fla., is to be repaired by the Government.

ANNOUNCEMENT is made of the completion of the Australian overland telegraph.

A SOCIETY has been formed in Indianapolis to assist girls in finding employment.

THE Rev. Peter Cartwright has left a widow who was his companion for 63 years.

THE Catholic clergy of Connecticut have presented \$15,000 to Bishop McFarland.

THE Cantonese (China) authorities are diligently hunting down Coolie kidnappers.

It is estimated that the late Autumn military manoeuvres in England cost \$700,000.

SWEDEN is credited with three Queens—the Queen Mother, Queen Widow, and Queen Wife.

GREAT activity is shown at Woolwich Arsenal, England, in the manufacture of heavy cannon.

THE fiftieth anniversary of the wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony is soon to be celebrated.

PRINCE LEOPOLD, Queen Victoria's youngest son, commenced a course of study at Oxford this October.

THE Art Museum at the Paris Hôtel de Ville has been enriched with the sceptre of Marie Stuart.

NO APPOINTMENT of Minister to Sweden is contemplated until the Senate shall be in session to confirm it.

THE acting Commissioner of Patents has decided that Masonic symbols cannot be used as trade-marks.

THE licensed gaming-houses in the German watering-places are all to be closed for ever on the last day of 1872.

BISHOP PERSTICO, of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Georgia and Florida, has sent his resignation to the Pope.

MR. JOHN S. CLARKE, the popular American comedian, has purchased a long lease of the Charing Cross Theatre, London.

THE Milanese have presented Verdi a bâton in the shape of a sceptre. They wish him to rule over all their composers.

EVERY morning for the past twenty years President Thiers has received from an anonymous donor a bunch of violets.

REV. STEPHEN GLADSTONE, son of the British Premier, has been made rector of Hawarden, with an income of \$15,000.

MR. KOPP, the great Paris comedian, has committed suicide, owing to legal troubles, leaving a fortune of 150,000 francs.

THE Pope tells his visitors that the triumph of the Church will surely come—if not in his lifetime, then, in that of his successor.

THE Methodist Episcopal Church is talking of making their missionary contributions for the coming year reach \$1,000,000.

HYACINTHE has written a second letter in regard to his marriage, which is addressed to the Pope, and is respectful in language.

ENGLAND has 44 ironclads; Russia, 125 vessels-of-war of all kinds; and Holland, 17 monitors. France has 50 ironclads and a fleet of 332 vessels besides.

M. LIDOT, a Frenchman, has invented a machine for stopping runaway horses instantly. Electricity at the control of the driver is the means employed.

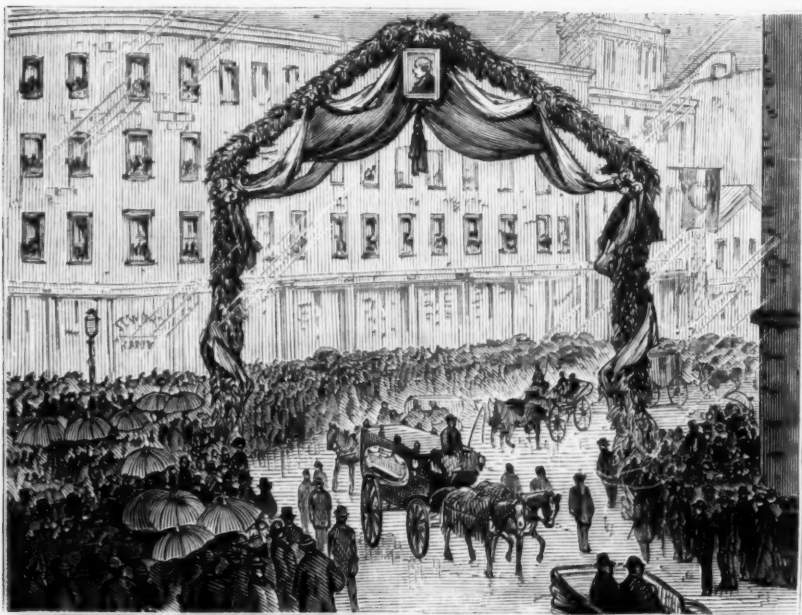
PRINCE PONIAWOSKI, the grand-nephew and representative of Stanislaus, the last King of Poland, has been forced to seek a livelihood through the exercise of his musical talents, in London.

It has been discovered that work in a room covered with yellow ochre produces pain in the head and eyes, and general melancholy; and that the same labor in the same room, whitewashed, inspires health and exhilaration.

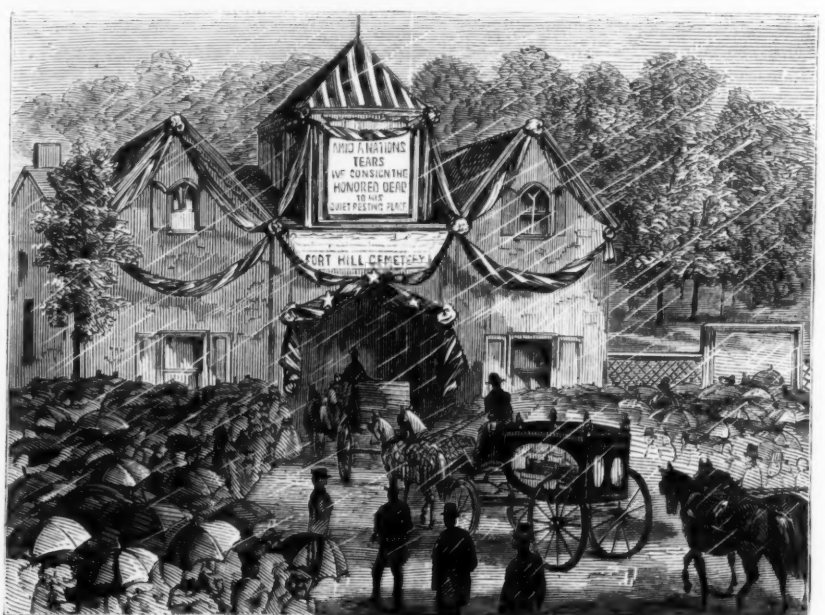
THE Governments of Belgium and Germany, in consequence of the increased price of provisions, have advanced the salaries of their clerks and employes. Salaries of \$1,500 have been increased 12 per cent., and above that sum 10 per cent.



THE FRIENDS OF THE DECEASED STATESMAN TAKING A LAST LOOK AT THE REMAINS.



THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE PASSING UNDER THE ARCH, CORNER OF GENESEE AND EXCHANGE STREETS.



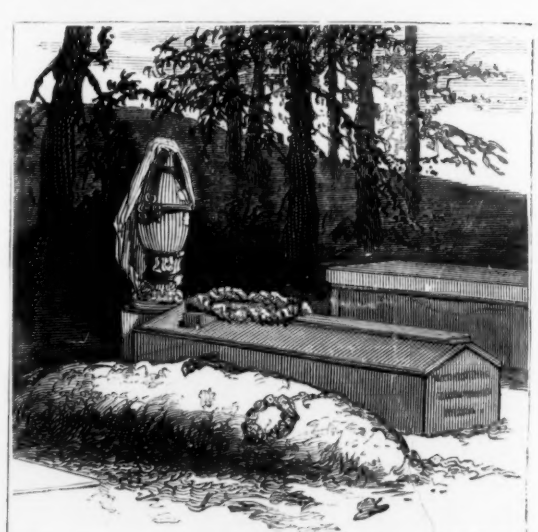
THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE ENTERING FORT HILL CEMETERY.



THE LATE MR. SEWARD AT HOME.



DECORATING THE RESIDENCE OF M. L. FITCH, ESQ.



THE GRAVE IN FORT HILL CEMETERY.

NEW YORK.—OBSEQUIES OF THE LATE WILLIAM H. SEWARD AT AUBURN.—FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER, AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. R. LINDSLEY, OF AUBURN.



NEW YORK CITY.—SCENE IN THE NEW PLAY OF "AGNES," NOW BEING PERFORMED AT THE UNION SQUARE THEATRE.—SEE PAGE 123.

ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE.

ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE was born in the city of New York, on September 19th, 1832. He comes from an old and highly respectable Knickerbocker family, his ancestors on both sides having been prominent residents of this city and its vicinity for a period dating long prior to the beginning of our national existence. His father, Hon. John L. Lawrence, who died in 1849, was one of our most highly honored and trusted citizens. He was Minister to Sweden, State Senator, and Comptroller of the City of New York; all of which offices he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction to the community. His son, the subject of this sketch, received a liberal classical education in one of the best schools of our city, studied law in the office of Judge Gilbert, now of the Supreme Court, and was admitted to the Bar of this State in October, 1853. Before his admission, he was appointed Assistant Corporation Counsel under the administration of Mr. Robert J. Dillon. While in that position, Mr. Lawrence applied himself assiduously to the study of the principles, charters, statutes and ordinances applicable to the various departments of our city and county government, and in the important cases in which he was called upon to act as counsel for the City, he had ample opportunity to display the knowledge he had acquired. He was soon looked upon by his brethren of the profession as a special authority on all legal matters connected with our municipal affairs.

After remaining in the office of the Corporation Counsel for a number of years, he resigned, entered upon the general practice of his profession, and soon acquired an extensive and lucrative business. His previous experience caused him to receive retainers in many important litigations in which the City was concerned. He is the author of a volume on the Tax and Assessment laws; a work evincing much thought and research, and highly valued by the profession. Mr. Lawrence has never held any office except that of Assistant Corporation Counsel. He has, however, always been recognized as an active and consistent member of the Democratic Party, and his name has frequently been mentioned as an acceptable nominee for some of our highest local offices. Last Fall he took a prominent part in favor of Municipal Reform, and rendered effective service, both politically and professionally, in breaking up the corrupt Ring which had so long ruled and plundered our city. This fact, as well as his peculiar fitness for the office, led Reformed Tammany at the recent County Convention to select him, unanimously, as its nominee for the office of Mayor—a compliment which is more pointed from the fact that he is not connected with that organization, and also that he had not, in any way, sought the office. His nomination has been received with the highest encomiums, even from the Opposition Press, as well

as many of the most reputable members of the Republican Party. The Liberal Republican organization unanimously accepted him as their candidate.

Of his pre-eminent qualifications for the office, there is no question, even among those who may be led by party ties to vote against him. His personal character is un-

stained by a single blemish, his political record has been pure and consistent. His thorough acquaintance with the principles of law affecting every department of the municipal government and the details and workings of those departments, his energy, his habits of industry, and his thorough integrity, render him the man who, of all others, is peculiarly adapted for

the position. As between him and his competitors who have already been placed in nomination, it would be an insult to the intelligence of the people to institute a comparison.

FUNERAL OF WILLIAM H. SEWARD.

IN our last issue we announced the death of the Hon. William H. Seward, and now, as a sequel to the sad intelligence, we give illustrations of scenes familiar to the late Secretary of State, and of the burial ceremonies.

An entire world sympathized with Auburn in her great loss. Although Mr. Seward's period of active usefulness had passed by, his death became a national calamity. Few men of the present time occupied a sphere so important as his, and few were treated by the representatives of the old families of rank with marks of such distinguished consideration. As the brief account of his sudden death was flashed from Capital to Palace, those who had clasped his hand in friendship during his recent tour of the world paid fitting compliments to the worth of the great statesman.

The obsequies at Auburn, N. Y., were of a deeply impressive character. The announcement of his death was scarcely made before the business establishments gave expression to the general sorrow; political banners were draped with funeral emblems, and for a time the activity of his favorite city was checked.

The dawn of the 14th of October was accompanied by a cold, drizzly rain, which seemed to intensify the sober aspect of the place.

The remains of the deceased, resting in a beautiful rosewood casket, and clothed in a white merino robe, were placed, at an early hour, in a parlor adjoining the library where he died. The casket was covered with flowers, and the tables in the room were heaped with floral crosses and other devices. At nine o'clock, the citizens, and those attending the funeral from abroad, began making their way to the mansion. Entering the gate, and passing under an archway of trees, they ascended, in a long and continuous line, to the spacious hallway, and, turning to the left, entered the parlor, where the remains were lying in state. In a handsome rosewood casket with fixed silver handles, which was thickly lined with white satin. On a table at the head was a floral crown of tube-roses, and an anchor, cross and a wreath were placed on a table at the left side, while a cross and wreath of white and green stood on the lower portion of the casket. A space of two feet in the top of the casket had been fitted with glass, through which the visitors looked down on the face. A small oval silver plate in the centre bore his name and age. The traces of age were plainly visible in the features of the deceased; the furrows made by time, and the silver-white hair, gave a patriarchal aspect to



ABRAHAM R. LAWRENCE, ESQ., DEMOCRATIC AND LIBERAL REPUBLICAN CANDIDATE FOR MAYOR OF NEW YORK.

the countenance, and there was yet visible the same dignity which was its most striking feature in life.

On the left breast of the wrapper shroud was a rare exotic "Espirito de Santo," or flower of the "Holy Ghost," in a silver fastening, the gift of Mrs. Dr. Baker. Upon the top of the coffin a chased silver plate bore the simple inscription, "William H. Seward, born May 16, 1801; died Oct. 11, 1872;" while below were two palm-leaves crossed, which the deceased had brought from the Holy Land.

It is supposed that at least ten thousand persons viewed the remains at the house.

After a brief service in the presence of the relatives and intimate friends, the remains were taken to St. Peter's Church, the bells of the various religious edifices tolling during the transfer. The church was appropriately decorated for the occasion. Mr. Seward's pew, at the north-west corner, was draped in black broadcloth and unoccupied, while the altar-rails and reading-desk were covered with the same material, looped up with miniature wheat-sheaves. In front of the altar some fifty clergymen and ministers of various denominations were seated. The Rev. Dr. Brainard, Rector of St. Peter's, was assisted by the Rev. William D. Doty, of St. Paul's, Waterloo; the Rev. Charles R. Hale, of St. John's, Auburn; and the Rev. Thomas G. Reed, of Georgia. The ceremony consisted of the simple service of the Episcopal Church, and at its conclusion an opportunity was presented for the vast congregation to take a parting view of the remains.

After the congregation had all passed out, a procession was formed in the following order, and marched to Fort Hill Cemetery:

Attending physicians, officiating clergy, pall-bearers, hearse, the family, the clergy, the Common Council, the Board of Education, distinguished strangers, foreign delegations, the Forty-ninth Regiment N. G. S. N. Y., in citizen's dress, firemen in citizen's dress, civic associations, citizens.

The pall-bearers consisted of Thurlow Weed, of New York; Governor Edwin D. Morgan, of New York; Richard Schell, of New York; Elias W. Leavenworth, of Syracuse; Edwin B. Morgan, of Aurora, N. Y.; Henry Wells of Aurora, N. Y.; Samuel B. Ruggles, of New York; George W. Patterson, of Westfield, N. Y.; (formerly Lieutenant-Governor with Governor Seward); James Bowen, of New York; Michael S. Myers, of Auburn; James S. Seymour, of Auburn; Richard Steele, of Auburn; Nelson Beardsley, of Auburn (formerly law partner of Mr. Seward); Daniel Hewson, of Auburn; Enos T. Throop Martin, of Auburn; John Porter, of Auburn; and General J. H. Chedell, of Auburn.

The entrance to the Fort Hill Cemetery was wreathed in black, and upon the front of the archway a tablet was placed, bearing the words: "Amid a nation's tears we consign the honored dead to his resting-place." The lot in which the deceased was buried is situated on a gradually sloping bank in Glen Haven, and is surrounded by noble old trees. The grave lies between two beautiful sarcophagi, the one on the left containing the remains of his former wife, and the one on the right those of his daughter. Next to the grave of his wife is the grave of Judge Miller, father-in-law of the deceased, and the first one buried in the cemetery.

The grave had been paved at the bottom and bricked on each side for three feet, and the coffin was inclosed in a large deal case and lowered into the chasm. Two large slates were then put down and cemented. General Seward, who stood nearest, threw a clod into the grave, and at this signal the workmen began their task. In a few minutes the level was reached, and a simple mound was heaped up.

At the conclusion of the ceremonies in the cemetery, many late acquaintances returned to the mansion, and strolled about the apartments so long familiar to the deceased. The veranda on which he loved to sit with his family, the apartment in which he died, the scene of his important literary labors, and every haunt about Auburn, were visited by tearful parties. Regrets were borne by telegraph and mail from all parts of the country to the bereaved family.

During the day of the funeral, there was a general display of flags at half-mast throughout the United States and Europe.

It will interest many of Secretary Seward's old acquaintances to know that the literary work which occupied his later years will be pushed rapidly toward publication—one volume being about completed, and the other so far advanced, and well known to his amanuensis, that it will soon be given to the public.

Mr. H. R. Lindsay, photographer, of Auburn, has our thanks for important services rendered our artist on the occasion.

PARIS has just lost another of her curiosities by the death of "old father Martin," the blind beggar, who, for the last thirty years, formed a daily prominent object upon the bridges and boulevards of the city. There he stood with a sharp little knife in one hand and a small piece of wood in the other, whittling away to the amusement and astonishment of a continual group of gazers. He did not verbally solicit alms, but had by his side a wooden placard, carved and mounted by himself, on which he had engraved: "Martin, blind since birth, reads with his fingers, and writes with his knife. Have pity upon him." The work on which he was constantly engaged was carving the letters of the alphabet out of wood, sometimes in ornamental Gothic, sometimes in English, done with the utmost delicacy, and often decorated by rich flowering and arabesque ornamentation. Many were the specimens bought of him, and the philanthropic souls poured into his hat during the day. What made his work the more remarkable, was that the old man had never seen a letter or anything else in all his life. He died at the age of sixty-seven years, leaving all his savings, about \$200, to the janitress of the house in which he had lived for many years, who had treated him with great kindness.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

Bored of Health—Suicides.

COMPANIONS in arms—Twins.

A PUT-UP job—Canning fruit.

THE pre-hysterical period—Before tight-lacing was invented.

If a Bedouin should lose his teeth, would he talk gum Arabic?

If seven days make one week, how many will make one strong?

They call an Indiana Judge "Old Necessity," because he knows no law.

In what way does a lady treat a man like a telescope? When she draws him out, looks him through, and then shuts him up.

A boy in a country school was reading the sentence, "The lighthouse is a landmark by day and a beacon by night," and rendered it thus: "The lighthouse is a landlord by day and a deacon by night."

A PROFESSOR, preaching to a class of collegians about the formation of habits, said recently: "Gentlemen, close your ears against bad discourses." The students immediately clapped their hands to their ears.

A WITNESS, in describing certain events, said: "The person I saw at the head of the stairs was a man with one eye named Jacob Wilkens." "What was the name of his other eye?" spitefully asked the opposing counsel.

"Who was the meekest man, my son?" said the superintendent of a boy's Bible class in this State. "Moses, sir." "Very well, my boy; and who was the meekest woman?" "Please, sir, there never was no meekest woman."

ONE rainy Sunday a number of strangers crowded into Surrey Chapel for shelter; whereupon the eccentric Rowland Hill said: "Some people are blamed for making religion a cloak, but I do not think those are much better who make it an umbrella."

LITTLE Willie F. was recently presented with a toy trumpet, to which he became greatly attached. One night, when he was about to be put in his "little bed," and was ready to say his prayers, he handed the trumpet to his grandmother, saying, "Here, grandma, you blow while I pray."

A LITTLE girl of five Summers was the happy recipient of a velvet cloak, of which she was very proud. One day, soon afterward, she was discussing her dresses, their beauty, style, etc., when her mother, by way of nipping her vanity in the bud, said, "My dear, do you not know there are more important things to talk about than dresses?" Quickly she replied: "Oh, yes! mamma—velvet cloaks!"

A GENTLEMAN who used to carry on the Sheriff business, wholesale and retail, in Ontonagon County, Mich., in an early day, was often called on to quiet tumultuous brawls, which he did by rushing into the crowd and knocking every man engaged in the row as flat as a flounder, and then repeating these memorable words over their prostrate bodies: "Say, boys, what's all this fuss about? As Sheriff of Ontonagon County, I command the peace."

DIRECTIONS FOR PAINTING.—Never faint when you are alone. Always select some good opportunity. The more persons there are about you, the more successful will your fit be. Never faint more than once the same evening, as there may be a falling off in the sympathy on the second experiment. A woman should not only faint well, but be above suspicion. Be very careful, therefore, never to risk a faint unless you have some object in view.

The following is an "order for supplies" for a fishing party of two: "Please to send by bearer the following articles, which, if you prefer it, you can charge to either Mr. A. or Mr. B.—Either is the safest: four pounds of salt and a small cask of whisky; one pound of ground black pepper and a dozen bottles of whisky; four pounds of lard and a large jug of whisky; for canvassed hams and six quart bottles of whisky; three good stout fishing-lines and a quarter of a hundredweight of biscuit, same weight Cheshire cheese, and two large quart pocket-flasks of whisky; one paper of large Limerick hooks, and a gallon of whisky in any old vessel you don't use; also send one pound of white sugar and a small jug of whisky. P.S.—As we shall be gone several days, and as we may get wet fishing, my doctor, who has just stepped in, suggested that we had better take a little whisky. Send it, and enter it on your books with other items above."

FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Mrs. G. A. BLANCHARD, Raymondville, N. Y., has used her Wheeler & Wilson Lock Stitch Machine in tailoring since 1865, and it is as good as new; has done the sewing for a family of seven persons, attended to her household duties, and earned \$200 a year; says that any one owning a Wheeler & Wilson Lock-Stitch Machine can earn a respectable living. See the new Improvements and Woods's Lock-Stitch Ripper.

THE NEW WATSON UNDER-FEED SEWING MACHINE is a perfect lock-stitch machine, making a seam alike on both sides, and is adapted to every grade and variety of family sewing. It does to perfection embroidery, hemming, cording, braiding, fine and coarse sewing of all kinds, with less machinery and complications than any other machine in use, and is sold at two-thirds the price of all other first-class machines. Be sure to call and see it. Sales-room at 707 Broadway, New York, and in all other cities in the U. S. The company want agents in country towns.

SUPPER parties can be accommodated at the Madison Doria, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the elite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

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Without suffering. ELASTIC TRUSSES are superseding all others. Before buying Metal Trusses or Supporters, send for a descriptive circular to the ELASTIC TRUSS Co., No. 683 Broadway, New York. 889-941

E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albums and Celebrated, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

JEWELRY.—We have advertised in the Detroit TRIBUNE for the last ten years, and have found it a first-class investment. *It pays every time.* M. S. SMITH & Co., Jewelers, Detroit, Michigan.

UNLIKE all other first-class sewing machines, the Willcox & Gibbs Silent Family Sewing Machine, even when in constant use, is not injurious to women.—From *Reasons for purchasing a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine.* 658 Broadway, N. Y.

FOR SALE.—A complete file of this paper, from April, 1861, to May, 1866, uncut, and in good order. Address, E. G. TUCKERMANN, Park Hotel, New York.

THE new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is the most centrally located hotel in the city.

DOUGAN, Manufacturer and Importer of Hats, 102 Nassau Street, cor. Ann, N. Y. 8-9-901

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SELL

Perry's Moth and Freckle Lotion, Because it is reliable. *tf*

It is not economy to buy a poor shoe. Try Good **CABLE SCREW WIRE** For Economy.

Through the length and breadth of the land the Celebrated

SILVER-TIPPED

Boots and Shoes are sold by the million, for parents know they last twice as long as without tips. Try Them. For sale by all Dealers.

Don't Buy

Until you have seen our new Bed and Platen Printing Press. Send for a circular, and also a copy of THE YOUNG AMERICA, a newspaper printed on the press. Sent free by JOSEPH WATSON, 85 Water St., Boston, and 53 Murray St., New York. *tf*

FRANK LESLIE'S "CHIMNEY CORNER."

A NEW NOVEL.

BY

J. F. SMITH.

Author of "Minnie Grey," "Soldier of Fortune," "Woman and her Master," is about to begin. Subscribe now. One Dollar will secure it for three months.

FRANK LESLIE, 537 Pearl Street, N. Y.

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STRAW GOODS.

200 doz. Straw Turbans, 80c., worth \$1.25 100 doz. Straw Turbans, \$1, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.10.

100 doz. English Straw Hats, all the newest shapes.

FRENCH FLOWERS. FANCY FEATHERS. OSTRICH TIPS.

500 doz. Fancy Wings, 50c.; sold elsewhere for \$1. 1,000 doz. Fancy Feathers, at a great sacrifice.

Largest stock of Ostrich and Fancy Feathers ever offered in the city, and the cheapest.

RIBBONS.

Full line of all the new shades in Nos. 5, 9, 12, 16 and 22.

SASH RIBBONS. FANCY & ROMAN SASHES.

Roman Sashes (all silk), \$3.

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NOVELTIES IN LACES.

Valenciennes Colletettes, Ruffles, Bows, etc., etc. Articles in Lace and Illusion, for ladies' evening wear, made up in the latest styles. Orders forwarded by mail or express.

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LADIES! GO TO O'NEILL'S, 327 & 329 SIXTH AVENUE.

THE VERY BEST goods in this line are now offered on the ground of their cheapness. The Gold Illustrated Catalogue (free to any one who will take the trouble to write for it) gives fresh and full information in regard to the Fall and Winter Fashions in Watches, Chains, Jewelry, etc., together with a complete Price-List. There are no finer goods than these, and the reduction will be found, upon inspection, to be actual, and upon many goods to the extent of one-half. Catalogues free. Goods C.O.D., privilege to examine before paying. F. J. Nash, 712 Broadway, New York. "Worthy of the fullest confidence."—*Christian Advocate*, New York. "Has a good stock; is entirely reliable."—*Appleton's Journal*. "Whose goods are just what he represents them."—*Christian Union*. 891-92

Remarkable Success OF **DITSON & CO.'S**

Gems of Strauss!!

This fine book, of 250 large pages, well filled with the choicest Strauss dance music, has already had a very large sale. Among its gems are:

Artist's Life, Blue Danube, Manhattan, Marriage Bells, Morgenblätter, Koubens, Wine, Women, Song, Aquarellen, 1,001 Nights.

And many other popular WALTZES.

Pizzicato New Annen, Tritsch Tratsch, and other favorite POLKAS, Together with the best kind of MAZURKAS, QUADRILLES, GALLOPS, DANCES, Etc.

The printers hardly keep pace with the demand for this collection. Buy it while it is "the rage," and, if you do not play, present it to a musical friend.

Price, in cloth, \$3; in boards, \$2.50. Mailed, post-paid, on receipt of retail price.

OLIVER DITSON & CO., Boston. CHAS. H. DITSON & CO., New York.

AGENTS Wanted.—Agents make more money at work for us than at anything else. Particulars free. G. STINSON & Co., Fine Art Publishers, Portland, Maine.

PORTRAITS of the best Scholars—See "BOYS' AND GIRLS' WEEKLY."



Fine Carpets

For Fall, 1872.

The extensive alterations and improvements to our CARPET DEPARTMENT being now complete, we have opened

Moquettes, Axminsters, Wiltons, Velvets, Brussels and Tapestries, In entirely New Designs. Also, Aubusson, Axminster, Turkey and Dutch Carpets,

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Now open, a choice Stock of Satin Damasks, Plain Satins,

Figured and Plain Silk Terries, Oriental Tapestries, Cachemires,

Plain and Figured Worsted Terries, Tapestry Piano and Table Covers.

French, Swiss, Guipure and Nottingham

CURTAINS,

New Designs. Also, Bedding of all Descriptions, Window Shades,

Cornices, Hollands, Etc., Etc.

ORIENT SAFETY LAMPS, Entirely of metal, are the only lamps in use which can neither break, leak, nor explode. Are ornamental and cheap. Adapted to all household uses; also, to stores, factories, churches, etc.

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NEW & FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS.
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From the White Star Dock, Pavonia Ferry, Jersey City.
Passenger accommodations (for all classes) unrivalled, combining

SAFETY, SPEED, AND COMFORT.

Saloons, state-rooms, smoking room, and bath-rooms in midship section, where least motion is felt. Surgeons and stewardesses accompany these steamers.

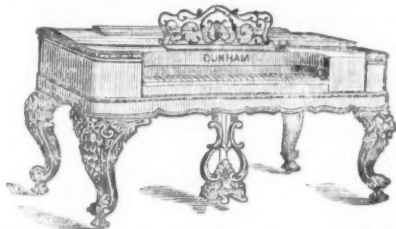
RATES—Saloon, \$80 gold. Steerage, \$30 currency to London, Liverpool, Glasgow, Londonderry and Bristol. Those wishing to send for friends from the Old Country can now obtain steerage prepaid certificates, \$33 currency.

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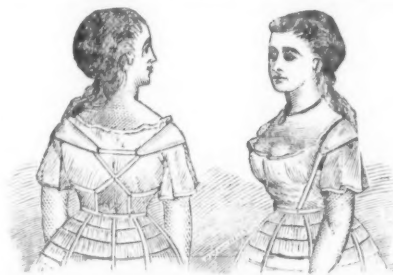
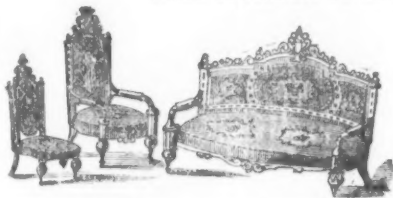
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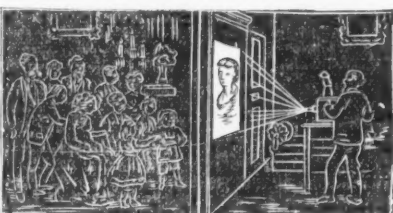
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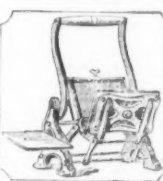


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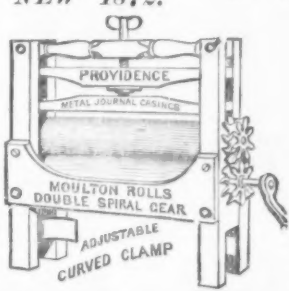
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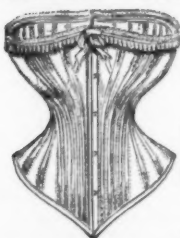
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